UNIVERSITY
OF PITTSBURGH
LIBRARY

Dar.Rm.
F552
R323

THIS BOOK PRESENTED BY

Buhl Foundation

Four Way Lodge

Other Works by Same Author

—

First Great Canadian

Masters of the Wilderness

Curse of Cahaba

[*In Press*]

Eleanor of Aquitane

[*In Preparation*]

Opuscules

—

Albrecht von Haller

Duke

Beatification of the Novice

FOUR WAY LODGE

by

CHARLES · B · REED

Illustrations by

EARL · H · REED

1924

PASCAL COVICI · *Publisher*

CHICAGO

Copyright 1924
PASCAL COVICI · *Publisher*
CHICAGO

Dedicatory

To Professor William A. Greeson

Dear Greeson: I have often reproached you for carrying a pillow into the Northern Woods. I have railed at your watch, whose age and infirmities should command respect. I have carped at your compass, whose functional infidelities invite pity rather than contempt, and I have cursed the utter ineptitude of your matchbox. I have reviled you for wearing spikes in your canoe shoes and I have tried to aggravate your minor mishaps with wanton jests and often ill-timed ridicule.

For this unbecoming conduct—though without repentance or retraction—I now desire to make amends. I wish to proclaim publicly and with emphasis that in spite of my frequent—and I may add,—futile, assaults upon your household gods and in spite of innumerable irritations of other kinds which are inevitable in camp you have always maintained a most amiable equanimity. You have been a good camper, a good sportsman, and a good comrade.

In token of my appreciation of those qualities which I can never hope to emulate I now dedicate to you this collection of narratives which doubtless will recall many familiar scenes and certain of those incidents which aroused our interest and your argumentativeness before the evening camp-fire, while the pines and spruces stood out calm and dark against the steely northern sky.

May the volume be a tribute not only to our friendship but also to that "Delectable River," whose winsome spirit has held our admiration and affection for so many years.

Yours in the true faith,

C. B. R.

Contents

Waboos 31
The Manitou of Waboosons 33
The Gray Canoe 57
The Magician 73
The Eagle Feather 91
The Medicine Pouch 107
Dreams 125
Jiminedo 137
Survivals 167
The Guardian of Gargantua 193
Ubi Leones Erunt 219

List of Illustrations

	Opposite Page
Sometimes it appears as a misty shadow	62
Conjurer's Wigwam	78
"Some months afterward I visited his village" . .	102
A North Shore Cove	126
The shore of the Big Lake	198
Tawab	138
"The river embraced us with its old time graciousness"	158
"We were seeking the mouth of the Pinguisibi" . .	170
"Behold! there were lions"	222
The Portals of the Wilderness	Frontispiece

Four Way Lodge

Now the Four-way Lodge is opened, now the Hunting winds are loose—
Now the Smokes of Spring go up to clear the brain;
Now the Young Men's hearts are troubled for the whisper of the Trues,
Now the Red Gods make their medicine again.
Who hath seen the beaver busied? Who hath watched the black-tail mating?
Who hath lain alone to hear the wild-goose cry?
Who hath worked the chosen water where the ouananiche is waiting,
Or the sea-trout's jumping crazy for the fly?

KIPLING.

Waboos

"Old Waboos" was dead. He had gone to the Happy Hunting Grounds, and we, who had journeyed to Lake Superior solely in expectation of being guided by him to his own particular lake, deep in the heart of the Laurentian Mountains, felt that he could not have left the world more inopportunely. For had we not been dwelling for months among the bright dreams and joyful anticipations of a visit to that mysterious water which no white man had ever profaned? Had we not made long and elaborate preparation to worship at this innermost shrine of the Red Gods to which the merest chance had gained us a way of approach?

So "Old Waboos was dead"—we repeated it as one repeats the significant features of a serious misfortune, for to us it meant the loss of a long coveted treasure to which he alone had the key, a loss that was felt more keenly, since after years of yearning we had come so near to accomplishment.

What lure is so tempting to the nomad of the wilderness as the discovery of virgin waters or untried hunting grounds? Consider then our eager, wistful joy in the thought of this wonderful lake which, by the vaguest of rumors, lay hidden in the depths of that patriarchal domain over which "Old Waboos" held sway. By the same uncertain token its position would be restricted to the narrow val-

ley of the Pinguisibi. As a further identification, it was said that a little silvery ribbon of water leaped and danced along the mountain sides and down the rocky terraces to the river, from its source in that mountain girded lake.

These scanty details were all that could be gleaned, yet it was a tempting quest to inspire a sportsman, and promised a guerdon as generous as undiscriminating nature sometimes bestows with careless hand upon the mere novice, while we—well, many years of toilsome apprenticeship had we served, and given of humble devotion to the wilderness not a little. To be sure, we had received in return many evidences of favor, but the supreme and most longed for reward had been withheld and the denial was a source of deep irritation and resentment. Convinced of our merit, we had attempted only the year before to wrest from nature the secret of "Old Waboos."

Well we recalled our weary and futile search for those hidden waters, fighting our slow way up the rapids or dragging the heavily laden canoe over the shallows, pausing meanwhile to explore to its ultimate origin every promising creek and tributary that fed the Pinguisibi on its southern side. In particular we recalled the termination of the adventure with its promising sequel. It was late in August when, dispirited and overly fatigued, we had tumbled down the plunging current until it spewed us out on the heaving, foam-flecked bosom of Lake Superior. For a week we must camp on the desolate shore before the wheezy little fish tug would call, as appointed, and take us off. When upward bound, we had pitched our tents in a little grove near the mouth of the river, which protected the camp from the sweeping winds of the Lake. Hither, then, we re-

turned, but as we approached the beach we were vexed by the sight of an upturned bark canoe, a sure sign of Indian visitors.

This was our final discomfiture, for an Indian camp in the vicinity, undesirable at all times, is particularly unwelcome when provisions run low. However, the attitude of reserve and isolation we had intended to assume underwent a pleasant revulsion; when one of our inquisitive guides came running up with the surprising news: "Ol' Waboos —him sick."

It was indeed that redoubtable personages whose career had given rise to many of the wonderful stories that intermingled in the current gossip of the North Shore. His great strength, agility, and skill in woodcraft, formed the basis of most of these tales, but around the camp fire, when the guides could be induced to talk, they shook their heads and gave us to understand he possessed other attributes more nearly allied to demonology.

Formerly the head chief of his tribe and the best hunter on the shore, his prowess had been the pride and indeed the main support of his village until years of success aroused the envy and jealousy of a few influential agitators. His power as a Conjurer, too, so greatly surpassed the efforts of their medicine man that the resentment of the priesthood was excited and at length the feeling became so violent that he was accused of sorcery and witchcraft and driven forth into the forest. Whether any particular offense was charged we could not learn, but his guilt must have been extreme, the evidence conclusive, or the conspirators very powerful, to deprive him of fellowship among Indians whose individual and tribal history has been so closely inter-

woven with Hiawatha and other myths and legends of the spirit-haunted shores of the Big-sea-water. Whether his activities had been exercised in placating the Matchi-Manitou or in wooing a good spirit, his departure marked the decline of his tribe. A season of poor hunting was followed of course by starvation, after which the miserable remnant was still further reduced by small-pox. The whole series of disasters was attributed to the malignant power of the banished chief.

That the accusation might not have been altogether unfounded was suggested by the constant good fortune that attended the banished warrior. Was it wizardry or unusual skill?—at all events Waboos easily maintained himself and the favorite wife who shared his exile, in comfort that for an Indian was luxurious. No hunter brought to the trading station such rare and beautiful furs and none so nearly secured an adequate compensation. However a break came at last. His wife died and Waboos' luck apparently deserted him. Longer periods elapsed between his visits to the Post, which he finally abandoned for the greater privileges of a distant settlement. Here, even the whites came to respect and not a few to fear the velvet-footed old man who appeared and disappeared with the extraordinary facility of the rabbit after which he was named. Whither he went and whence he came, no one knew. His tepee near the Pinguisibi was never occupied in summer, and in winter no one ventured among the icy terrors of the grim North Shore.

Such was the story we had gathered piecemeal, partly from our Indian guides and partly from the Traders of the Hudson's Bay Company. Insensibly we had built a mental image of Waboos that seemed appropriate to his almost

mythical character. We had given up the hope of ever meeting him, when fate cast him up on the beach, a stick of human driftwood to feed the fires of our ambition. Yet so different was he, that it was difficult to believe the poor decrepit figure before us was the mighty warrior of our fancy. He had emerged from some shadowy retreat in the Forest and, old and ill, was paddling his painful way to the nearest town when he found the traces of our late camp, deduced the approximate time of our return and settled down to wait. He was a myth no longer, and aside from the opportunity to offer him food and medicine, we welcomed him as a guest not so much on account of our interest in his historical position as to the feeling that we owed allegiance to him as the original proprietor of the beautiful region over which we roamed.

Almost helpless, he had managed somehow to construct a rude shelter, a lean-to of poles covered with bark and hemlock twigs that opened cunningly toward the forest. Thus he shut out the wind from the lake while the foliage and underbrush threw back upon him the scanty heat from his little fire. Right next to the fire, so close that at times the smoke seemed to rise from his smouldering garments, lay "Old Waboos" almost the last and certainly the greatest of his tribe. Huddled in the folds of his tattered blanket, he presented a pathetic picture of misery and misfortune. His spirit, however, was unconquered. The gleam of his eyes contradicted his shabby exterior and gave convincing evidence of the soul that burned within. Black as jet, bright and piercing, they seemed indeed the fierce eyes of a bird of prey, to which had been added the comprehensive intelligence and mysticism of man. With a furious vitality

they glowed amid the furrows of his weathered cheeks, or they peered out from under the heavy brows with a keenness that his illness in no way diminished, and at times in truth, it seemed as if his fever gave them an intensity, penetration, and intelligence that was more than human.

The young artist, whose imagination had been greatly stirred by the presence of our notable guest, spent much time in his company and studied him carefully, from the knot in his hair to his queerly worked moccasins. He it was, who first called our attention to the curious similarity between the Indian's glowing eyes, with the radiating crow feet, and his campfire nearby. Unlike the usual Ojibwa arrangement of little sticks inclined together like a cone, we remarked that his fire constantly presented a center of live embers, surrounded by a band of white ashes, through which, like the spokes of a wheel, lay a series of black, charred and half-consumed twigs. This was so noticeable and so unvarying that several times we experimentally disturbed the formation, but without any visible interference the fire soon resumed its characteristic appearance.

Yet, interested as we were in his immediate environment, it was Waboos himself about whom we circled in curiosity and suspense. Reserved and uncommunicative at all times, he became a trifle less distant as his health improved, and sometimes almost friendly. On such occasions, by our conversation and attentions, we tried to overcome a distrust and win a confidence long unacquainted with sympathy. In response to our queries we learned many new things about the River, but for a time we did not venture to question him in regard to the one thing we burned with eagerness to know.

At length, as the date of our departure drew near, this restraint was abandoned and we told him of our great desire to visit that long hidden lake, which we had learned was the dearest of his possessions; and we described in detail our recent trip with its discouraging failure. We drew maps with a stick in the wet sand and tried by crafty suggestions to get him to reveal some sign or landmark that would help us to find the long coveted prize, but in vain. We recurred to the subject again and again, but when pressed too hard, he either took refuge in his imperfect English or rose and walked away.

In the end, his resistance diminished, and moved by our perseverance, or possibly by the care we had given him, he promised just before we embarked that if we should return the following summer, he would himself conduct us to the lake. With this pledge in our hearts we took our leave and in a golden dream we spent the laggard year.

But now "Old Waboos was dead." In bitter disappointment we received the tidings at the "Soo." Upon the opening of navigation they had found his body, stark and cold, in his lonely tepee—his provisions gone and his little fire with the radiating twigs long since extinguished. With him also perished every hope of finding those mysterious waters for which we had dreamed and toiled.

Still, by virtue of previous fellowship one is loth to relinquish a purpose cherished so long, and, besides, the spell exercised by the lonely river was not easily broken; and so, after some discussion, we resolved to revisit the scene of our defeat and camp for a time beside the pool which lay at the foot of the beautiful double plumed cascade which we had named the Big Falls.

So it happened one day that we dropped over the side of the fish tug and spent the night on the sandy beach near the mouth of our river, deep in the shadow of the fragrant pines. In was our river, first by exploration, and now by inheritance, and we felt a distinct sense of proprietorship, which we eagerly desired to strengthen. Beyond the shore, our camp sites alone broke the mesh of the forest and our names distinguished the pools and portages and, except Waboos, our feet alone had trod the trails which our hands had cleared and blazed.

By paddle and portage we forced our way up long reaches of swift water, through many lingering eddies and little reluctant lakes, to pitch our tents at last upon a flat, protruding tongue of land, where nature had assembled some of her most wild and rugged aspects. On one side, for a few hundred feet, the river glided swiftly and smoothly, then suddenly took on a dramatic intensity and foamed and boiled around great boulders that cluttered the precipitous gorge as far as the eye could see. On the other lay the deep, dark waters of the pool, whose rocky margins, smoothed and furrowed by the endless tread of moose and deer or wolf and bear, made a wide sweeping detour that ended in the splash and spray from the double plumed falls, which sentinelled the upper end of the pool, like two giant snowmen. Behind us stood the venerable forest, the serried ranks of pine and fir, clothed in their endless green, while in front, indeed on every side could one but see them, rose the huge eternal hills, whose rough, craggy outline was softened by a thick velvety mantle of verdure.

The unceasing nod of the treetops, the tumult of the falls, the fleeting shadows of bird and cloud that passed

in swift unreality over the surface of the water, all united to produce a spirit of expectancy, transition, and vague unrest. Even the pool, deep, dark, and indolent, conveyed not the impression of a voluntary and habitual quiescence, but rather the temporary passivity of a violent and tempestuous soul, resting sullenly from a period of wrath.

In such an atmosphere of change and isolation, trivial events cast large shadows and simple phenomena assume great importance. So the Young Artist took his adventure very seriously, and no one remained entirely unaffected by an experience which the most wood-wise could not make clear. It was not the first time the Young Artist had fished the pool, but it was the first time he had attempted to cast his flies into the foam at the foot of the falls, and it was here that the adventure occurred. His creel was full when he stepped to the edge of the water for a last cast. With one foot on the spray-drenched shore, the other in uncertain poise on the jagged point of a barely submerged rock, he whipped out his line. At the critical instant of the back cast, he started his wrist forward, when there sounded almost in his ear a strange, weird cry, so loud, so elflike, and unearthly that he lost his balance and only by extreme effort and agility did he escape a plunge into the pool. He was furious, but his anger died away in wonder when he looked about and found himself entirely alone. He listened attentively, but there was no sound save the roar of the falls as they ground their way over the ledge. Puzzled and somewhat disturbed by the peculiar quality of the cry, which he could not dismiss, he spent some time in a careful examination of the water, rocks, and sky, then reeling in his line, he laid down his rod and clambered silently to the top of the

cliff. Again he searched the air, water, trees, and rocks, nay, the very falls themselves, without result. Finally he became disgusted that such a common occurrence as the cry of bird or beast should so irritate his sensibilities and slowly returned to the margin of the pool, picked up his rod, adjusted his flies and made a couple of perfunctory and unsuccessful casts.

His interest was gone, his mind unquiet, and the cry with its peculiar, vibrant quality still constrained him. Half curious and half angry, he decided to return to the camp and turned about to pick up his creel. He barely lifted it, when, with an exclamation of surprise, he let it fall. It was empty. He sat down in confusion, although it seemed that here, at any rate, was something tangible, for it was obvious that the animal which gave the cry had watched him climb the cliff and then robbed the creel. Eagle, mink, otter, lynx, or wolverine—any one of them was capable of such a feat, but none of them uttered such a curious cry. The more he considered it, the more bewildered he became, and withal, a trifle nervous. Slowly and with observant eye he returned to the camp. We heard his story with a critical and rather unsympathetic interest, for it looked very easy, amid the roar of the falls, to attribute an undue importance to a very common sound, or for an imaginative person like the Young Artist to add unconsciously to that sound a fictitious quality. The most disquieting feature was the absence of any sign or trace of the visitor, a fact which was verified by the Indians. To most of us, it seemed that only a lynx or wolverine had the skill and daring to execute such a coup, but the Indians exchanged significant glances, and shaking

their heads, muttered something of which I caught only the words "loup garou."

The Young Artist at length became provoked at us and our attitude and refused to talk about the incident which concerned him so nearly, but we noticed that when he fished the pools his eyes were restless and he frequently turned to examine the forest carefully and comprehensively. Indeed, we all kept a certain wariness and alertness of attention, eager to detect some sign of our shy guest, if guest he were. We even left trout on the rocks beside the falls, but whether watched or unwatched they remained undisturbed.

The interest thus excited would have died down and the experience itself would have taken its normal place among the peculiar but sometimes inexplicable phenomena of the forest, if it had not been followed by another adventure no less curious. It happened thus. I had left the swiftly gliding river and wandered into the forest. Ostensibly I was looking for partridges, but to myself I confessed shamelessly to a far different purpose. The river is wonderful as the amber current sweeps endlessly by, dimpling and eddying as the currents contend or hurling itself with futile courage against the crags and precipices, which rise upon its brink, or rear in the very channel itself their high rebellious heads, but it lacks the solemn grandeur of the great, palpitating forest, shaggy, primeval, and full of adventures without end. Here life is everywhere. One feels it in the beady eye that peers from the neighboring thicket and in the shadowlike passage of some bird across the field of vision with sense-bewildering swiftness, but the rustle of leaves and the hurtle of wings, while filling the heart with a delightful thrill of companionship and mystery, is as nothing to the

real spirits of the wood. These, the Dryads and Oreads, dwell everywhere, imperishable. They inhabit every stem of the venerable wilderness and from their airy heights creak a welcome to the sympathetic traveller in voices cracked and broken by the blasts of a thousand years. The great spreading limbs allow the sunshine to filter through only in small spots, broken stars, and occasional large splotches, which merely accentuate the dimness of the vast cathedral, with its giant pillars, fretted vaults, and fragrant aisles of dark green foliage.

Through such delightful enchantment one can wander for hours, and from loneliest dell to forested peak, there sweeps the same comforting symphony that constitutes the chiefest joy in the worship of the Red Gods.

For this, I left the river and, completely absorbed in my devotions, I was tranquilized and soothed by the peaceful spirit of Pan's great temple. After a time, I came to a particularly pleasing nook on a hillside and sat down on the soulless trunk of a prostrate birch tree. Here I continued my reflections amid the beauty of the somber, spired firs, the slim, spiritual birch trees, and the music of their troubled leaves.

I had sat there but a few moments, when the sensation came over me that I was being watched. Keenly intuitive at all times, there is an exaltation of feeling created by the forest, a highly sensitized condition, that responds immediately to every change in environment, and I was pervaded by that peculiar self-consciousness of another's presence. Without moving my body I scanned attentively every tree, thicket, and brush-heap within my angle of vision. The hoarse cry of a raven, far overhead, sent a panicky mole

scurrying to shelter, and a wax-wing breathed out its plaintive note from the top of a nearby cedar. There was nothing else, yet I was convinced that some animal was regarding me with more than usual interest. Evidently the influence came from behind, and rising quickly I faced the upward slope of the hill. I could see nothing unusual but even as I looked, the queer feeling slowly diminished and finally disappeared. Cautiously I crept toward the summit and peered over. For fifty yards I could see fairly well, then the forest presented its panoply of leaf and twig and buried its secret in the shadows beyond.

I had about concluded that the perplexing experience of the Young Artist had affected my nerves, when from the depths of the forest in front of me came a strange prolonged cry. It was not a wail nor yet a laugh, it was animal-like and yet uncanny and unearthly, and in the half light of that thickly grown wilderness I must admit that for an instant it daunted me. Almost immediately I realized that this was the animal we sought, or, more properly, which was seeking us, and the primitive man sprang to arms. My blood pulsed feverishly, and while I longed for a heavier weapon than the light rifle I carried, yet I resolved to pursue the adventure, and to identify at least, our mysterious prowler. If it had voice, it must have body.

Pushing through the brush as noiselessly as possible and sweeping the entire visible area at every step, I reached the spot where the sound had seemed to come from, but like the Young Artist, I found nothing. Neither tree, twig nor leafy carpet showed any sign of disturbance or disarray. This was surprising, for while I had hardly dared to hope for a sight of the animal, yet I was confident the more

yielding loam of the forest would retain some significant evidence of its presence.

My ardor being unabated, I pushed on through the thick underbrush and up a moderately ascending slope, which terminated finally in an elevation, whose steep sides rose like a rampart. At the foot of this hill, I paused a moment, to consider whether it was desirable to continue, when from its very crest, came again that queer, haunting cry, this time so near and distinct that at first I was thoroughly disconcerted. At the same time I was conscious of a something almost human in the midst of its elfishness. The mystery was tantalizing, but the effect was electrical and brought an immediate response. I felt provoked, and throwing aside all caution, I seized the scraggy undergrowth with my one free hand and struggled and climbed and pulled myself rapidly upward. Breathless from exertion, I reached the last dense thicket that hid the brow of the hill and stretched out my hand to seize a young maplebush for aid. I drew back as if stung. I could scarcely believe my eyes for about three feet from the ground the twig was partially broken over and so freshly that even as I looked the over-strained but unruptured fibres succeeded in lifting, little by little, the down-bent head. Although seeking a sign, yet I was nearly overwhelmed by the suddenness with which this new aspect of the problem was presented, and I looked about me rapidly, carefully, and systematically, but there was no other clue to be found; no track, no sound, no movement.

I went on to the summit where the hill again fell away almost as abruptly as on the steep side I had just climbed. My first glance swept the neighboring underbrush, then rais-

ing my eyes, I looked downward over the tree tops upon a heart-stirring spectacle; a sheet of clear, blue water spread away to the south and east. Astonished and fascinated, I forgot temporarily my escaping quarry, and examined with intense interest this unexpected revelation.

Like a huge triangle with obtuse points, the lake broadened out toward the east, while near the middle of its widest part a little rounded island sat gracefully, like an emerald pendant on its full fair breast. The surface of the lake, sparkling and radiant with every hue of cloud and sun and sky, was broken into a myriad of twinkling facets by the feet of the dancing zephyrs. In noble amplitude on every side, solemn, impressive and peaceful, rose the granite guardians, whose massive slopes were bearded with a marvel of verdure, from the water's lip to lofty crests, hidden in their canopies of cloud.

This general appearance of the lake had scarcely been noted when the thought flashed over me, nay, flung itself upon me and mastered me that this was the long sought lake of "Old Waboos." I laughed aloud with joy. What an ironical jest Dame Nature had played upon us. The jewel coveted for years and sought with pain and consecration, now lay before me, as a stone upturned by the careless foot reveals a long lost gem. Beautiful enough it surely was, more beautiful than I had dared to dream; and no other lake, save that in which the river rose, was known to exist in the valley of the Pinguisibi. But did it empty into that wayward stream and what was in its waters? Thus I temporized and steadied myself against the onrush of emotion, but even as I looked and reflected my belief grew. There could be no mistake—reason must confirm my instinct. I was convinced.

It seemed useless to pursue further the strange prowler now silent and probably far distant; besides my mind was strongly diverted. The possibilities and problems which the lake presented exhilarated me like wine but, nevertheless, amidst my deepest feeling, like a knot in the skein, remained the memory of that mysterious cry and the broken maple twig. Filled with these reflections I made a trail back to the river and laid the story of my adventure before my companions. Their curiosity of course, was thoroughly aroused by the recurrence of that strange cry, but their interest like mine was most deeply stirred by the probable discovery of the long sought lake. An animated discussion followed and every rumor concerning "Old Waboos" that had been floating about the North Shore for years was picked up and tested with reference to the lake.

The Young Artist alone did not advance any theories nor suggest solutions. He took no part in the discussion, and on occasion, when the fire flared up over brightly, I could see his head shake dubiously. His sensitive mind did not readily throw off the effect of his strange experience, which he now saw abundantly confirmed.

Nothing new developed out of our interchange of ideas, but it was agreed that the camp should be moved the next day to the shore of the new found water, the lake explored and its outlet sought.

The sun was well up as we filed slowly into the forest and though weighted down with our camp equipage, our hearts bounded exultantly with the joy of the quest. Approaching the lake, we swerved away from my slender trail, curled over a depression between two hills and marched down the long steep slope to the beach. The Indians went

back for the canoes while we cut out the underbrush, leveled the ground, and pitched the tents close to the serene waters of the lake.

Slowly the sun went down, the shadows lengthened, and in purple twilight the surface of the lake mirrored back the dancing flames of our genial fire. As the evening advanced, we became deeply conscious of the contrast between the rush and fury of the river, with its spirit of change and unrest, and the peace and quiet of the gentle lake, which nestled cosily in the bosom of the encircling hills.

Amid the mists of morning two canoes stole out upon the water. The exploration was to begin at once. The party divided, one canoe going eastward toward the island, while in the other the Young Artist and I crept along the western shore. Submissive to the charm of our environment, there was no conversation, and in the deep silence even the dip of the paddle seemed almost a profanation.

Scanning the shore attentively, we approached the rounded angle of the lake just as the sun broke through the mist and at the same time our ears caught the sound of falling water. Did it enter or leave the lake? Our pulses quickened and our eyes flashed bright with hope. Pushing eagerly onward the canoe rounded a rocky cape and entered a small bay. Nearer and nearer swept the canoe until all at once the entire picture was spread before us. The hills drew aside in dignified reluctance, leaving a narrow forest-bound gorge into which poured a tiny brawling torrent. It was the outlet. Here the crystalline waters of the lake frothed and foamed over the rocky edge of the basin and fled tumultously toward what we hoped and prayed was the Pinguisibi. This could be determined easily and, beaching the canoe, we

made a hasty survey of the falls and the miniature pool at their foot.

Then clinging and sliding, we dropped down the wet, steep rocks at the side and started along the margin of the pool. Scarce had we quit the craggy base of the cliff when, with an exclamation, we both stopped, for there, on the spray-softened loam of the forest, was the distinct impress of a foot, *a human moccasined foot!* Truly the country was bewitched. Momentarily expecting the maker of the footprint to materialize out of the neighboring shadows, we peered inquisitively about and made yet another discovery. A few paces back in the forest was a small clearing on one side of which flattened, crushed and with human imprint, lay a pile of balsam boughs. This additional disclosure produced a state of expectancy which partially prepared us for the surprising and final revelation that followed.

We raised our eyes and looking over and beyond the balsam boughs we saw a leaning pole or sapling, one end of which thrust forcibly into the ground made the device so commonly used in the north country for suspending a kettle over a fire, and then we gazed at one another in astonishment for under the free end of the leaning pole was a broad band of white ashes, cut at regular intervals like the spokes of a wheel by a series of black, charred and half consumed twigs while in the center, like a great enlightening eye, the embers of a dying fire strangely gleamed and glowed.

It was here and now that our real study of the North Shore began.

The Manitou of Waboosons

The Manitou of Waboosons

In the North Woods the summer is brief and a short autumn shifts quickly into a long Arctic winter. In October, "The Moon-of-Falling-Leaves," a slight haze floats in the chill air and swirls about the tops of the young spruce trees whose leaves, twigs, and boles quiver, rustle, and shrink before Lake Superior's trenchant winds. Wind, wave, and fog hold high revel on the lonely lake, where all traffic ceases. Traffic of the forest now begins. Singly or in families the Indian hunters and trappers seek the interior. By river and trail they thread the wilderness and lay out their traps.

In all this the Pinguisibi bears its share. With dramatic intensity the river tumbles down from the mountains in a series of terraced falls, steep and impassable. Around them is the Long Portage. Winding in and out, yet never far from the water, the trail leads by breathless stages to the more sedate and dignified current above. It was the old highway of Waboos; the last in direct descent of a splendid line of Ojibwa warriors. But Waboos was dead, as we have seen. From his little lodge on the lake shore he had gone to the Spirit Land, and his nephew, young Waboosons, now sped over the path with soundless feet. Though heavy laden with provisions and traps, he travelled rapidly, for he hoped to reach his hunting grounds before a change of wind could lock the river with ice.

Portages came and went. Other waters intervened, but there was no pause in the steady swing of the boy's toil-hardened body, nor in the regular thump of the paddle against the gunwale. By afternoon he reached the "Cold Spring Portage," and here he stopped—stopped with a sharp exclamation, for at the water's edge was the mark of a canoe. Some one had preceded him and at this season the act could have but one meaning. A rival had invaded his territory.

The boundaries of Waboos district were widely known and Waboosons' inheritance of them duly recognized, hence no one could encroach unconsciously. A willful trespasser, on the contrary, by a code as old as the tribe, courted a penalty at once condign and uncommiserated. To Waboosons the invasion meant more than the threat of starvation. It was a shameless disregard of his rights; an affront to his manhood, and the blood rushed to his cheeks. The restlessness of his hands and feet and the unusual animation of his features, at all times, conveyed the impression of instability, but heightened now by emotion the countenance of Waboosons became dignified and virile. The dark scowl and set lips formed a marked and manly contrast to the dandified fillet that bound his hair.

Wrathfully he hastened across the portage and drove his canoe up the channel with violent strokes. It was night none the less before he landed at the first good camping place above the lake. During the last hours he had moved sluggishly. The delay was not due to the swift current nor to the frequent bends of the river, but to a mental process. Waboosons suspected the identity of the intruder. Fear had initiated the suspicion. Fear had clogged his paddle

and fear had made him loth to reach the camp-site and find confirmation.

He landed and his heart sank and his anger dwindled to dismay as he recognized the unequivocal signs of Wabeno, the magician. From him, Waboosons had long expected injury, but in some mysterious personal way rather than by such a bold and flagrant violation of the tribal law. In their village, Wabeno ruled like a tyrant by means of his black arts. Without rank or any inherited authority he had more real power than a chief. Unwittingly Waboosons had offended him. To be sure the boy had been distrusted on account of his relationship to Waboos, though this might have passed but for an indiscretion. The moving cause was Ninnemoosha, Wabeno's beautiful daughter. The bright inscrutable eyes of this slim maiden had been the undoing of Waboosons. Not that Ninnemoosha had encouraged him by hint or sign. Not she. Whatever emotion may have stirred her spirit, if indeed it stirred at all, no trace appeared upon her demure, impassive face. That she was conscious of his suit could not be doubted, but no word or act of his increased by the thickness of a leaf the rhythmic excursions of her budding breasts.

Her father had quickly noted the only too obvious attentions of the handsome, light-hearted young Indian, yet it was not regard for Ninnemoosha, but hatred for the nephew of Waboos that impelled Wabeno to stealthy machinations. The boy soon discovered the peril of his position. He saw too the pained embarrassment of his friends and recognized the necessity of a refuge in the forest. It was merely an exchange of hazards.

After passing several precarious seasons with more dis-

tant relatives he returned to Waboos on the Pinguisibi, and after his death succeeded him. The place presented unusual responsibilities. Besides a natural ambition to emulate his uncle, Waboosons had just received a larger loan from the company and a failure would be disastrous. Now he saw himself face to face with a problem he could neither solve nor avoid.

In this dilemma Waboosons made his camp, but all night long his mind whipped back and forth in youthful indecision. An open battle he could undertake, but to have Wabeno for an opponent complicated the situation unduly and dulled his power of action. He could not think of the lovely Ninnemoosha without a quickening pulse, nor of her father without bitterness and dread. Vividly the boy remembered the mystic rites when Wabeno handled living coals and red-hot stones and plunged his naked hands without injury into boiling sap. He recalled too, one after another, men who had defied the wizard. Each had met with some disaster. For some the trapping season failed and they returned to the village with diminished prestige, to become burdens to their friends. Others never returned at all. Even Waboos, strong, respected, and popular, had been obliged to flee from the malign and surreptitious persecution of the Wizard, so it appeared to Waboosons that he had small chance of success against an antagonist so securely armed and so evilly assisted. Yet fight he must. It was too late to abandon his position even if he would and moreover something inside forbade it.

At daybreak he again took up his journey, but his masterful scowl was replaced by the strained attention of one who travels a new and perilous trail. For several hours

he paddled cautiously up stream until suddenly his alert senses detected the peculiar tang of wood-smoke pervading slowly and distinctly the resinous odors of the forest. Having made certain of the direction he continued his journey more cautiously and held the canoe close to the bank. After a time he landed, charged his old "Company" musket and crept carefully forward. Not a stick cracked, not a twig bent, not a leaf stirred—well was he named the "Little Rabbit." He crossed a series of alder-grown creeks, traversed a broad tongue of marshy land, climbed the shoulder of a hill, and from a shelter of thick brush looked down upon the bed of another creek beside which sat the tepee of Wabeno. Its pictured sides proclaimed the importance and magical powers of the proprietor just as plainly as the thin blue column of smoke rising through the blackened crown of woven poles betrayed his presence.

Waboosons breathed rapidly. The weight of tradition lay heavily upon him and he was wrapped in a thousand mysterious associations with a remote and still unbroken past. His ancient association impelled him to abandon his advantage and flee while yet other forces urged him eloquently to stay. During his vacillation Wabeno appeared, walked to the water's edge, shaded his eyes with his hand, and looked long and searchingly down the channel.

Wabeno was not pleasant to look upon. His face was framed in a mass of tangled hair and divided midway by his huge mouth, which was warped and drawn upward on one side by a hideous scar. The combination was more than usually repulsive, but it was not his appearance that affected Waboosons. No, it was the deep, all prevading belief in the power of his evil Manitou. Yet as he watched

him the young Indian recalled a long series of injuries which had reached the climax in this new contempt, and his wrath flamed up again to high pitch. Silently he brought his weapon forward and took careful aim at the old man, but as he looked along the barrel Ninnemoosha came out of the lodge and joined her father. The vision unnerved him again. The temper of the lover cooled the warrior. Again and again he brought himself to the crisis, but each time the girl floated in front of her father. The subtle magnetism of sex constrained him, and after a few moments of struggle he abandoned the attempt.

Slipping down the hill he returned quietly to the canoe, washed out the marks in the sandy shore, and drifted sullenly down the current. Finally he took the paddle and moved swiftly along till he came to a little backset, marked by three great overhanging birches. From this point he took the trail to Waboos Lake, four miles away. The sun had dropped behind the hills when he put the last load into the canoe. Paddling across to Waboos Creek, he descended the ravine at the Falls where the creek begins its elfish quest of the Pinguisibi.

Here he made his winter camp and threw out his line of traps to the east and south. He abandoned the Pinguisibi to Wabeno.

Waboosons finished his preparations none too soon. Winter came on with feline stealth and ruthlessness. The aisles of the forest were buried in white. The lakes and rivers put on an armor of snow and ice. The air was full of fine, frozen particles and at intervals, as the cold became more intense, the great black trees exploded with loud reports. The wind wailed about the mountains like exiled

souls, and Auroral Cherubim guarded with flaming swords the fastnesses of the North. There was no harmony within the gates however, for all the forces of Nature were not bound up by the frost. Everywhere in the great woods was a vital pulsing problem. It was the tragedy of eat or be eaten. Hourly it was met and solved. The wild animals put on their heaviest garments and stalked forth to prey upon one another. Waboosons preyed upon them all, but was himself in constant anxiety. He visited his traps with regularity and cunning, but the fear of discovery grew upon him as the weeks passed. His courage was shaken by a danger that always threatened but never fell. He became thin and haggard. His eyes wandered furtively. He stole through the woods like a lynx and often stepped behind bush or tree to study his back trail. He became so intent that often the shadows or the very rocks themselves seemed to move, while the fall of a piece of snow made him start violently.

His fancies so engrossed Waboosons that he scarcely appreciated how abundantly his traps were rewarding him. Skin after skin he bore to his tepee, but with unusual foresight, as fast as they could be prepared, he stored them with his canoe in a crypt in the face of a rocky cliff about a mile down the lake.

In spite of his fears, however, the winter passed without adventure and through the forest came the first warm airs of spring. The snow slipped from the sagging branches and settled deep into the hollows. It clogged the snowshoes of Waboosons as he plodded homeward bent with his load of pelts. His heart grew almost light as he thought that after one more round he could take up his traps. Then he

would return to the Post. Vaguely he realized it was cowardice, but his resistance was exhausted. He must flee.

The sun disappeared behind the darkling wood as he shuffled through the new snow along the margin of the lake. He turned the last curve and started on a short line to his lodge when suddenly the way became easier. With a thump in his chest he stopped to feel the snow, then moved on carefully, trying each step with his sensitive feet. A new trail had been broken. Wabeno at last, but when? What had happened? Watchfully he made his way to the head of the gorge and like a shadow merged with the stem of a great spruce tree, while he peered earnestly into the blackness below. His lodge apparently was safe, but where was Wabeno? He feared a trap and did not venture nearer. Suddenly he thought of his cache and readjusting his slipping headstrap he swung rapidly through the trees to the cliff and climbed the precipitous side. Creeping into the opening of his retreat he found with relief his furs and also his canoe untouched. Wabeno had not discovered them. Lying down on the skins Waboosons tossed and worried through the night. At dawn he returned cautiously to the tepee. It had been completely emptied. His green skins, provisions, gun, and blankets all had been taken. Except for the axe he carried with him Waboosons was weaponless. As he looked about, his eye fell upon Wabeno's defiance. That there could be no mistake, the magician had cut out of birch bark the figure of a man and pegged it to a tree with a maple splinter through its heart. The boy quailed before the unknown but malignant powers that Wabeno could loose upon him—the vague shadowy things that bring disablement and disease rather than death.

With a sense of impending evil Waboosons returned to his cache and watched the ice and snow melt along the shores of the lake and shrink deeper into the forest. From his elevated position he surveyed the shores of the lake and was not surprised after a day or so to see the dark figure of Wabeno creep out of the ring of forest, stand awhile watchfully, disappear in the ravine and return and then after a comprehensive scrutiny of the shores of the lake, disappear among the trees.

In the next few days Waboosons went rapidly over his trapping line and brought in a few skins and all his traps. The latter he buried in the dry earth of the cave while he stretched out the skins to dry.

He now prepared for flight. The canoe was carefully overhauled and mended with spruce gum. The meat of the animals from his traps he cured in smoke. The dry skins were sorted out carefully and packed into neat bundles. Now for the first time he realized how fortunate the winter had been for him. His debt could be canceled easily and leave him a good profit. Then another vision floated through his mind. Thoughtfully he lighted his pipe. If only her father was not Wabeno—still much could be accomplished with a pack of skins. He stopped his work to speculate and dream.

It began to rain. A steady mild downfall that washed the trees and hillsides and sent little rivulets hurrying down the mountains. Night came. The wind veered to the North and the rain changed to snow. Great leafy flakes sidled about uncertainly. At dawn a tiny breeze stole gently through the forest and drove the flakes aslant in slow faltering files.

High on the cliff stood the firs like amiced acolytes. Here and there they stretched out their sad snow-covered arms and pointed their triple terminals in voiceless sympathy at Waboosons. Poor Waboosons stood in a small open space, facing the east, his soul and body naked before the Master of Life. It was the Invocation to Spring. The white feathery masses settled upon his apexed hands and upturned face. They fell upon his warm body, strong and straight as a bronze spearhead, and they melted and trickled down in little streams.

The storm waned. The sun rose above the hills and sent through the shifting clouds an occasional ray of light to play and glisten upon the body of the worshiper. A grouse settled near with great whirr of wings and a Canada jay fluttered down with harsh cries and eyed him curiously, but the boy moved not.

Waboosons stood silent, reverent and patient in his invocation. Suddenly a little squeak arose from the roots of an adjacent fir. It was faint, pitiful even, but at this time and place it startled the young Indian. He dropped his arms and turned. There was nothing in sight. Again the squeak and from out a hole at the foot of the tree hopped a small rabbit—an ordinary snowshoe rabbit, but it was the namesake of Waboosons and his Manitou. Distrustful of the figure before him, the little animal sat up with his ears pointing stiffly forward and his nose twitching nervously. In a moment he hopped nearer and again sat up and studied the Indian earnestly. Then with a final squeak of dubious farewell, he scurried off into the brush. Waboosons, meanwhile, had watched the visitor closely. His heart beat tumultuously, his chest expanded and his eyes and nostrils dilated

widely. He seemed to grow in height and to fill out with some strange power the animal conferred. When the rabbit disappeared Waboosons followed him for a moment with his eyes and then drew a long breath. He stamped his foot and raised his head proudly. It was the answer to prayer. All his fear and uncertainty vanished and his course of action was clear. He would hold his inheritance if it cost his life. He would defy the power of the wizard. Ay! He would beard the wizard and demand Ninnemoosha.

Warm and gray through the water-laden atmosphere shone the sun. All about was lisp and splash while gullies filled and gurgled toward the river. The spring thaw was hurrying to its culmination. Waboosons coaxed his canoe down the steep slope from the cave and raised it over his head. Then he marched steadily to the river, which he found bank-full and charged with floating ice. To advance was impossible. For several days he waited. The forest was quiet save for the ripple and drip of running water. The Pinguisibi roared arrogantly by, but the spirit of Waboosons was also high and chafed under delay. At length the channel cleared somewhat and the Indian's heart beat joyously as he launched and loaded his canoe. One pack of skins he left at the cache, a second he took with him for the "Company," while a third he also took for bartering. He tied his tump line to the bow of his canoe and started, not in flight as he had once expected, but up stream to seek the Conjurer.

The river groaned and seethed in its flood; it lashed itself into foam around steep abutting cliffs, against which the ice floes beat and broke. Dextrously Waboosons evaded the ice, steadily he strained against the current or paddled

across the backsets until he reached the one on which the lodge of Wabeno stood.

Pushing the canoe ashore Waboosons stepped out with one foot and pulled the boat higher with the other. Then lifting a bundle of skins he gave a final glance at the canoe as it thumped and stamped against the sand in a frenzy to join the racing tide. Assured of its safety, he walked directly toward the opening of the tepee.

At the same moment Ninnemoosha came down the trail with wood from the forest, but in the presence of her lover she divined the crisis and, placing the fagot on the ground, she threw her blanket over her black braids and stood ready to enjoy an encounter in which she felt herself to be both the cause and the recompense. Further recognition she did not give and Waboosons did not concern himself with the girl for he was on a high adventure. Her affair could wait.

Throwing down the skins, he advanced to the door of the tepee and cried out, "Ho, Wabeno, come forth, 'tis Waboosons." Then he crossed his arms over his thin, sinewy chest and waited—alert, tense, and confident. There was a moment's silence, a rustle and a savage growl inside, then the ugly misshapen head of Wabeno appeared. For an instant he stood at the door and fixed his snake-like eyes threateningly upon Waboosons. This glance, so potent among the tribesmen, was futile now. Unabashed and purposeful, Waboosons began at once to speak, at first in a monotone, rigidly controlled, but gradually his voice took color until in full swing, it responded to every emotional change:

"Hear, O, Wabeno! As a boy Waboosons played about among the lodges and loved and honored the war-

riors and the old men. He listened with pleasure to the recital of their deeds. At that time he knew not that his family was a thorn in the foot of Wabeno. Then Waboosons lifted his eyes in love to the daughter of Wabeno and he was driven from the village. While Waboos lived no one dared to visit his hunting grounds without permission. Now they belong to Waboosons yet he finds the tepee of Wabeno on the Pinguisibi. How is this? Is Wabeno so old that he has forgotten the laws of the tribe or does he thirst for the dismal waters? More than once was Waboosons ready to send Wabeno to the Shadow Land but he held back. He said, Wabeno's heart is bad, but the hunting grounds are large. It may be that both can hunt in peace. That this could happen, Waboosons crept about like a rabbit from trap to trap. Then he was a boy and had a boy's heart. Now he is a man, he has talked with his Manitou, his heart is strong and he does not fear Wabeno. He comes now to say that no harm has been done. Waboosons brings the bridal gift. He asks peace and the hand of Ninnemoosha. Waboosons has spoken."

During this bold arraignment, the scarred face of Wabeno had flamed with malignant fury. To have his long unquestioned power so scornfully impugned was insulting enough, but underneath, he felt an indignity still more stinging—the challenge of youth to age. With great difficulty he controlled himself until Waboosons had finished. Then he broke out violently:

"Wabeno has nothing but hate for Waboosons and all his family. As he hunted Waboos to his death, so will he not rest till Waboosons goes to the Spirit Land. Let him take his bridal gift and begone. Ninnemoosha shall

never enter the lodge of Waboosons nor shall Waboosons live to hunt another winter. Let him begone before Wabeno calls the little men of the woods and hills and sets the turtle spirits to work him mischief. Begone, begone!" he shrieked, shaking with rage.

The young Indian laughed contemptuously and stepped past Wabeno into the lodge. In an instant he returned bear-his own and the conjurer's gun. Wabeno sprang toward him, but the boy waved him back sternly. "Waboosons came in peace but he goes in war. He is a man and he knows the law of the tribe. The trail of Waboosons is straight—let Wabeno be careful how he crosses it, or hunts again in this district. It is not well for Wabeno or old women to carry weapons. Farewell." Lifting his pack of skins Waboos started for the canoe.

Meanwhile, as Ninnemoosha watched the conflict, a gleam of curiosity and interest glowed fitfully in her great black eyes. Rapidly her interest ripened into admiration as she heard the young Indian defy her powerful father and gallantly invite his dreadful anger. Her spirit leaped and her heart throbbed with the primitive joy of battle. Her sympathies went out to the boy with all the strength that comes from the indefinable kinship of souls. The result was natural and irresistible. As her lover finished, a starry light flashed in her eyes, her face set and, gliding gracefully forward, she took the bundle of furs from his hand and laying it before her father, she said steadily:

"Take thou the bridal gift, O my father, for Ninnemoosha goes with Waboosons. His trail shall be my trail and his lodge shall be my lodge."

She and Waboosons turned as by common impulse to

the canoe, and stepped lightly into bow and stern. Released from the shore by the shifting weights, the light bark swung into the current and, before Wabeno recovered from his astonishment, their two paddles dipped the rioting stream, the canoe took the crest of the spring flood, and swept into the portals of the wilderness.

Waboosons swung his paddle exultantly. He had flaunted his opponent and won his daughter. He felt the full glory of double victory, but what next? It was certain the old man would make medicine and bring disaster upon them in some form. Indeed a glance backward had revealed Wabeno already dancing furiously his dance of magic, but after one faltering instant Waboosons dropped this last remnant of his previous life. He became the dominant animal who had harried his enemy and escaped with his trophy. His heart beat fast with the sense of power and in the presence of his new possession there was small concern for the vanquished. In truth he began to taste a growing hatred for Wabeno which bespoke an equality. His spirit of triumphant battle made him hot and heady. He was moved to talk and sing, but he repressed himself grimly and the canoe shot forward to the "Portage of the Palisades."

Like two old comrades they did their parts silently and intuitively. Ninnemoosha took the trail bent almost double under the huge pack of skins, while Waboosons followed with the canoe.

From this portage they made rapid progress and by early afternoon came to the small rocky island that guards the crest of the Big Falls. It is a place of contrasts. The camp site is on the flattened lower end which overhangs the cliff and supplies a platform from which one can see the

sheer drop of the water and the great pool at the foot. From this end the mossy surface of the island slopes steeply upward until it terminates in a huge rocky tower, whose farther side pitches straight down to the river. This face receives the tribute of the current and is piled and buttressed with driftwood, weathered by long exposure and quickly combustible. In summer when the water is low, one can easily wade the channel which divides the island from the precipitous western shore of the river, but in spring this stony trough is filled with a deep foaming torrent which adds a shrill note to the reverberent thunder of the Falls. However, the spot was admirably arranged for defence, and so Waboosons pulled up the canoe and made camp. It was simple enough. A shelter of boughs and a small fire was all he needed. He made a tour of the island and turned the canoe over on a dry rock. He glanced several times at the sky where dark clouds were gathering in the North and he felt certain satisfaction for a storm might prove a hindrance to pursuit. Nevertheless there was something sinister and malevolent in the yellowish green edges of the clouds and in the heavy sulphurous smell of the air which made him thoughtful.

The young pair ate their evening meal contentedly. It was their bridal supper and, as Waboosons sat before the warm bright fire, his stomach full, his wife nearby and the store of skins as a guaranty for the future, the world looked very good to his primitive mind.

He slept, but only to be rudely aroused by the shrieks of a tortured forest. Over the face of his world had swept an appalling change—sudden and deadly. The horizon seemed to contract, the river turned to pitch. Teeming

clouds dropped down in whirling masses until they enveloped the tree tops, whence great streams of thick vapor shot out and retreated with the rapidity and menace of serpents' tongues. For an instant the wind fell and the sound of the waterfall rose strong and full. Then the tempest broke. It was a deluge. Trees, river, and nearby rocks were blotted out as if a curtain had been drawn. Fierce blasts of wind whistled down the valley. The river foamed in torment. The trees groaned and burst.

At the first attack the canoe rose like a feather and disappeared. The fire was quenched instantly. Only the vivid greenish glare of the lightning rent the close-knitted darkness. Hour after hour the storm raged and the little island, with its helpless human crew, was scoured and scourged. Waboosons and Ninnemoosha leaned the bundle of furs against an upright rock and cowered beneath it. The shelter was insufficient and they spent the night drenched by rain, numb with cold, and bewildered by the unaccountable fury of the elements.

A thinning of the darkness betokened the approach of day. Happily the storm also slackened. Waboosons stepped from his shelter and almost immediately plunged his foot in water. He tried the opposite side. It was the same. The lower end of the island was nearly submerged. He looked helplessly about for the missing canoe and hopelessly at the rising river.

The sky grew lighter and the rain ceased as the captives considered their situation. The island must be abandoned at once, but how? The nearest shore lay across the churning rapids, yet it was their only chance. Tying together the two tump lines, Waboosons fastened one end

around his waist and the other to a thick root. Once and again he flung himself bravely into the boiling waters only to be dragged back from the crest of the falls by the sturdy arms of Ninnemoosha. No human strength could conquer that terrific down-rush. Half drowned by the last attempt and his muscles weak, his energy came back slowly. His spirit too was humbled by that fierce and fruitless contest. As he lay panting, a cedar log dislodged and hurried along by the flood, stranded for an instant near them. With quick appreciation of its importance, Ninnemoosha leaped up, seized the end and pulled it ashore as a new hope sprang up in both their breasts. Half dragging and half floating they tugged it up river to the length of the two tump lines. Then taking a paddle which had been buried under the furs, Waboonsons gathered himself for a final effort. Swinging the log outward he jumped astride and paddled madly into the sluicing stream. The log rose and fell, turned and twisted, and writhed in the clutch of the waters; but still the Indian kept his seat. All his wild instincts were aroused. His eyes flamed and he shouted with fury as he drove his frantic steed onward. The log struck the opposite shore, bounded off and almost unseated the rider, struck again and rebounded just as Waboosons caught the slippery end of a projecting rock. His hand pulled loose and caught again. This time he held, and while paddle and riderless log whirled over the Falls, the boy drew himself slowly out of the water.

For a moment he waited breathless, then moving up stream he signaled to Ninnemoosha, who loosened her end of the line and tied it to her waist. Next she tied the axe to her belt and plunged into the stream. Waboosons, braced

against a small projection, pulled and hauled until Ninnemoosha had made the passage. Weak, chilled, and choked with water, they sat shivering on the brink of the torrent and stared at each other with questioning, lusterless eyes.

At this moment, above the boom of flood and falls, came a shrill and threatening sound. Was it the Spirit of the Storm—some Matchi Manitou, or was it Wabeno? They had no time to determine for, as they peered up stream in dull apprehension, they were startled by a gathering roar that shook the very hills. Around the bend of the river came a wall of water, a tidal wave many feet high. Its front bristled with logs and trees which were borne aloft, tumbling over and over, and with massive cakes of ice that whirled and ground and broke in the grasp of the advancing monster. Down came the torrent directly toward them. With a thunderous crash it struck the island, overwhelmed it, and drove up the face of the cliff as a mass of water, foam, and smoking spume. The air was dashed into eddies and sudden blasts. Logs, trees, and ice were hurled against the rocks like battering rams. Then all pitched over the trembling precipice into the gorge.

With desperate haste the fugitives had striven to escape the onrushing death. They gripped the rocky spurs and ridges with their sleet stiffened fingers and struggled stubbornly upward. Ninnemoosha, encumbered by the precious axe, made slow progress. None the less they had reached a place which gave good support to foot and hand when the soul-racking climax came. Waboosons crooned his death song. Cling as they might to each other and to the jagged knobs with the grip of despair, yet they were almost torn loose by the impact of the drenching spray. The flood

mowed down everything in its course and, as Waboosons gave one terrified glance backward, he saw the island disappear. Its place was marked only by the black glistening head of that one granite giant whose base was a veritable part and substance of the immutable hills.

Hissing and gurgling the water subsided. It left the fugitives clinging feebly to the slippery wall. They were dazed by the suddenness of the event and the narrowness of their escape. Gradually they recovered and clambered laboriously up the cliff. The voice of the Falls, supreme and insistant, became fainter and died away to a deep resonant drone as they dragged themselves over the summit.

They looked back into the gorge and Waboosons nodded understandingly. The unseasonableness, the unusual violence of the storm and the dreadful tidal wave were now easily explained and he saw that Wabeno had nearly "counted coup." Waboosons had a restrained and nervous satisfaction in their escape from the catastrophy the old magician had evoked, but above all he had gained an immense confidence in his Manitou. He foresaw this to be but the first of a series of contests between him and the wizard between his Manitou and that of Wabeno. Life and color began to return to his cold shrunken features. It was the sober illumination of a character danger-hardened. Then he turned, drew himself up proudly and looked down into the steady eyes of Ninnemoosha. He saw his duty like a vision. As a warrior he must crush the medicine-man, her father. As a hunter he must return to his down-trodden people and as a prophet he must lead them.

Meanwhile though inspired and upheld by his emotion, the instinct of the woodsman impelled him to combat as vig-

orously as he might the impoverishment of the present. The way to the Post was beset with difficulties yet reach it they must and quickly. Food was their first necessity, so while Ninnemoosha chopped out the heart of a tree, long dry, and built a fire, Waboosons arranged for his Manitou to serve him yet farther and more substantially. He stripped the inner bark from a great cedar and rolled and twisted it into multiple stout cords. They were rabbit snares.

Three days of toil on scant rations brought them to the village and the trading post, but Waboosons arrived not as the beggar, which he was, but as a member of the forest nobility. His successful defiance of Wabeno brought him much prestige and many friends. The followers of "Old Waboos" took heart. Waboosons was gratified by the expressions of confidence and encouraged by the rallying of his friends. But this was not enough. With skill and boldness the young Indian began at once to prepare for the future, for while Wabeno in conscious chagrin and humiliation did not return immediately to the village yet Waboosons well knew that a blood feud had begun.

The Gray Canoe

The Gray Canoe

"Why do you say the Artist is always looking for trouble?" queried the Tenderfoot.

"Well, I didn't exactly say that," I replied, "but in fact he is always expecting some magic, mystery, or devilment to turn up on the North Shore. One must admit too the suitability of the scenario," I continued, "as well as the coincidence of events. Take any country whose rugged surface dominates the emotions, like Sicily, the Black Forest, or the sea sculptured grottoes of Greece, and people it with an imaginative race; and in their constant warfare with the elements of earth, air, and water, they will develop a mythology and a series of legends which will pass from generation to generation with entire credulity. The North Shore of Lake Superior supplies all the features needed for such myths and traditions and the Artist is ever alert to pick up a fragment here or a reaction there from the none too voluble natives."

"Have you something in mind especially?"

"No, nothing in particular. This camp at Big Falls has ever been a favorite with us, but it has a weird uncanny effect that leads one to expect most anything to happen. Curiously enough, also, several of our strange experiences in some way belong to this place. There was the mystery of the stolen trout, for instance, the affair of the big lynx,

and then the Gray Canoe which introduced us to Waboosons some eight years ago."

"They all sound inviting," wheedled the Tenderfoot, "what about the Gray Canoe?"

"Yes, it must be all of eight years now," I mused as I watched Waboosons weave in and out between the wall of dark and the soft flickering lights of our friendship fire.

"He appears fond of the Artist," urged the Tenderfoot again.

"They have always been close friends and I have never learned whether it was due to a correspondence in age, an innate sympathy of character, a transmitted injunction, or hardships and dangers borne in common, that brought them together. The Artist is reticent and volunteers no explanations. Artists sometimes have reasons, but they don't give them.

"A transmitted injunction, a gray canoe, and a common danger," repeated the Tenderfoot, "there is enough there for a novel and yet I have to dig and dig. Why so vague?"

"Because I don't understand it myself," I replied. "The transmitted injunction I have come to connect with 'Old Waboos,' who is dead. Waboosons, his nephew, came to us through a series of incidents marked by some kind of phantasm."

The story came out piecemeal at first. For years we had heard distant allusions to the "Gray Canoe." Whenever disaster threatens the tribe, village or family, the event is foreshadowed by the appearance of a gray canoe, empty and invisibly propelled. Did the nets fail,—the gray canoe had passed over them. Did the hunters return empty-handed or small-pox visit the village, there was always someone

who had seen the gray canoe. Sometimes it is said to appear as a misty shadow, scarcely discernible and again the silvery bark of the birch is plainly apparent. In one respect, all the stories agree. The canoe is invariably moving. Nerves, you think—yes, so did I. For years I scouted the tale as a folk-lore survival and then came the experience of the Artist and with it—Waboosons. I looked at him. The lights from the fire danced along the tips of the fingered firs, glistened on the Indian's hair and reflected from his dark, handsome face—handsome in spite of the high Ojibwa cheek bones and the scar beside the nose. The scar quickened my memories and I began to dream out the events of our intermittent but happy association. His mastery of the forest and his dexterity with the canoe commanded our admiration while his loyalty and devotion were a source of comfort and pride. Year by year we had seen him grow in discipline and judgment and we knew by the feather in his filleted hair that he had the confidence and esteem of his tribe.

"I think I am waiting quite patiently," interrupted the Tenderfoot, extending his limbs luxuriously to the blaze.

"Well, in the early days," I began, "our knowledge of the North Shore was very limited for we saw it only for a few weeks in summer. But we learned gradually from experience and by watching our Indians, though we never got into the heart of things until we met Waboosons. It was he who revealed to us the intimacies of the forest life and through him particularly we learned the desperate character of Indian feuds. Indeed we participated in one, though quite involuntarily.

"I have told you, I think, about the discovery of Waboos

Lake. The next summer, of course, we returned to the Pinguisibi in a fury of anticipation. The river was low from a prolonged drouth and the trout held themselves stubbornly in the depths of the spring-fed pools. Fishing a little here and there we travelled slowly up stream until we reached this camp and here we settled down to await a change in the weather. The heat had become intense. Never had we found such conditions on Lake Superior. Like Nebuchadnezzar's furnace, the sun blazed with a sevenfold heat and the sky shone like steel in a crucible. For days no breath of wind from the Lake soothed the parching leaves or cooled the blistering sand.

Meanwhile we shrank into the less heated cloisters of the forest or lingered in the shadowy comfort of the Big Falls. We made a few lackadaisical attempts to fish but it was no use. The trout would not rise either from pool or rapids and at last from sheer ennui we decided to move up a couple of miles to another terrace of rock whose spiny ridge holds back the river and forms a reservoir of water as far as the next cascade. These terraces, as you will notice, occur at frequent intervals and produce a succession of ponds, lakes, and long reaches of quiet water, shallow or deep.

When we packed up, the head guide, a half-breed named Xavier, reported two packages of bacon missing. I checked up and found it true. They were gone. It was Xavier's boast that he had never "busted a canoe nor lost a pack," and knowing this I could not conceive how a part of a pack could have been left on a portage. The Artist, with an experience of a previous year at this place in mind, smiled understandingly and turned away. Smile if you like, I told

him, but if this incident results as happily as your loss of fish, we shall have no complaint. The outcome proved more fortunate, especially for the Artist. There was no help for the bacon, so we packed up and started.

It was early afternoon when we reached the outlet of the big pool and set the tents. The prospect was most agreeable. The opposite shore swung broadly outward as an abrupt wall of reddish gray rock with a line of moisture at the base which marked the lipping of the amber waters. The upright face was tapestried with patches of fern and moss, while the top was sparsely covered with spruce. Still rising, the wall curved again inward and forward to join the upper river. Our own side, the southern, was quite level as it receded, until at the upper third of the curve the line was broken by a bare granite peninsula rising boldly from the water. From the narrow base of the peninsula, the shore lifted rapidly to meet the northern side. At the point of junction the river poured down savagely. On our side the wall continued to rise above the falls in a sheer precipice for thirty feet or more but at the foot, along the margin of the water, was a narrow shelf which could be used as a portage when the river was low. At high water we went through the woods over a wide detour which we call the "Palisade Portage."

The sun went down like a molten coin and the night, though hot, was peaceful and untroubled. The next morning we made another discovery. I saw Xavier wandering about with an intent and mystified look.

"Lost something else, Xavier," I bantered.

"The axe."

I offered him my belt axe but he wanted a large one.

"When did you use it last?"

"Alex say las' night, wissinin."

"Then it must be around here. Have you looked where you were chopping?"

"Look everywhere, I go again."

In due time he returned without the axe and I relieved my mind by scolding him, but I was puzzled nevertheless. For a bear to break our cache was not unexpected. It was part of the game. But a bear never stopped with only two pieces of bacon and he always left signs of his visit. Furthermore he had no use for an axe. For years we had travelled those trails and if anything was mislaid or left behind we found it on our return, whether it was two weeks or two years. The affair had a queer slant and I could find no plausible explanation.

The heat moderated but without rain. The trout began to rise sluggishly and the problem of the axe and the bacon was left in doubt.

We practiced long-distance casting from the little peninsula and from its craggy edge we dropped our flies at dusk into the swift water below the Falls with no care for our back cast. Or we took a canoe and thrust her nose impudently into the spray of the Falls while we lured leviathans from cool caverns deep under the foam.

So the days passed and on an afternoon as I awaited the return of the Artist, I ran my eyes over the opposite shore with the casual curiosity of an idle man. As I swept the ridge, I was conscious of a short thick stump on the parapet where I could not remember having seen one before. While studying it and wondering if it had really been possible for me to overlook so prominent a landmark, a raven

Sometimes it appears as a misty shadow

"When did you use it last?"

"Alex sas las' night, vis-min."

"Then it must be around here. Have you looked where you were chopping?"

"Look everywhere I go again."

In due time he returned without the axe and I relieved my mind by scolding him, but I was puzzled nevertheless. For a bear to break our cache was not unexpected. It was part of the game. But a bear [illegible] with only two pieces of bacon and he always had [illegible]. Furthermore he had no [illegible]. [illegible] those trails and [illegible] we found it on our [illegible] whether [illegible] or two years. The [illegible] had no plausible [illegible].

The [illegible] out without [illegible]. The [illegible] began to rise [illegible] and the problem of the [illegible] and the bacon was left in doubt.

We practiced long-distance casting from the little peninsula and from its craggy edge we dropped our flies at dusk into the swift water below the Falls with no care for our back cast. Or we took a canoe and thrust her nose [illegible] into the spray of the Falls while we lured [illegible] from cool caverns deep under the foam.

So the days passed and on an afternoon as I awaited the return of the Artist, I ran my eyes over the opposite [illegible] with the casual curiosity of an idle man. As I swept the ridge, I was [illegible] of a short thick stump on the [illegible] where I could not remember having seen one before. While studying it and wondering if it had [illegible] possible for me to overlook so prominent a landmark, a raven

Sometimes it appears
as a misty shadow

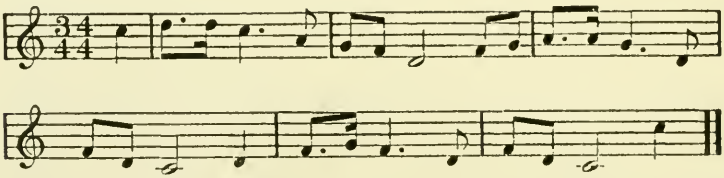
swung down the valley and lighted on a tree near the stump. It had hardly settled when it squawked suddenly into flight. I was still considering this significant phenomenon when the Artist hailed me from the pool and I rose to meet him. The canoe drifted in as we talked and I was about to call his attention to the stump and ask if he remembered it when I looked up and it was gone. I was not greatly surprised, but I made no comment on the occurrence. Something was going on and the mystery of the bacon and the axe was partly explained by the presence of this skulking Indian. But why was he hanging around us and why didn't he come forward openly and get what he wanted like the rest of them?

Night came and with it a third incident. This was the strangest of all, for the lost axe came back and the canoe disappeared. You can imagine possibly the excitement in our quiet camp. The guides jabbered in French and Indian, both separately and together, but no conclusion could be reached. I now felt obliged to tell my story of the stump, but this only increased the excitement, for the connection between the Indian and our curious experiences was obvious at once. What was the relation? That was the problem. We were apparently poor helpless creatures, with whom, and about whom, elemental forces worked and played at will. We had never met anyone on the river during all the years of our visits, either white or Indian, nor any evidences of occupation. We felt sure the Indians must trap the river in winter, but in summer they ought to be at the Post.

No active effort was made that day to trace the canoe. One guide went down stream in the hope that it might have been caught in the current. The trip was futile. Xavier had

insisted it would be. I asked him why and he shook his head dubiously for a moment and then said, "I tink somebody take him up ribber. Megum (portage) too long."

The heat suddenly returned and in the late afternoon the Artist took an Indian and went fishing. They went directly to the Falls. Here the guide held the canoe in the swift water by sheer strength of arm while the Artist cast into a foam covered back-set at the side. All at once the canoe raced down the current and the Artist turned to scold when he saw the Indian's face. The expression was a shifting panorama of wonder, fascination, and dismay. His eyes were fixed on some object across the waters. Irresistibly the Artist's eyes followed. Was it shadow, wraith, or a gray canoe which sailed in empty silence up the foam-flecked current of the river? Even as he gazed, the canoe glided into an arabesque of spray and disappeared in the very foam of the Falls. As it vanished there seemed to come from it a tinkling, lilting, mocking melody of ethereal sweetness that burned into his memory. Listen:



That was all, except when he recovered from the spell, he was drifting idly in his canoe along the sheer northern wall of the pool. He handed his paddle to the guide, whose arms were still limp and, having recovered the floating one, they returned to camp.

Once before the Artist had come into camp with strange

words on his lips and we had met them with levity. This time we took him seriously and tried to find an explanation.

Of course there had been no real canoe. To this the Artist agreed. Hence with a lost canoe as a subconscious irritant, it would be easy to evoke an image. It must be an illusion, a child of light and mist, developed by queer physical conditions, or the intense heat—a mirage of that mystical river. Thus we reasoned about the Artist's phantom canoe and not one of us in his heart believed in the reason he gave. The song, too, bothered us. Was that merely a Lorelei air, heard once and never again? That tinkling cadence, so sweet and alluring—was it only the breaking of water wreaths?

Our bewildered groping ended in a resolution to act. We must find the lost canoe if possible. The Artist was extremely eager to begin the search. So it was arranged that he and Xavier should start up stream the next morning.

We paddled them to the foot of the Falls and watched them clamber up the narrow shelf at the base of the palisades. Along this ledge they travelled rapidly until the wall ended and they stepped over the side into the moose trail.

With a watchful eye on both banks of the river, they proceeded for a couple of hours. About noon they heard the deep toned resonance of the next cascade. Soon it came into view, and immediately Xavier pointed out the lost canoe carefully upturned on the rocks of the opposite side. Should they go forward to the falls or back to the nearest shallows and cross over? Forward first anyhow. Xavier climbed to the top and from the height descended on the other side. The Artist, coming up more slowly, heard a shout, and as he

reached the top saw Xavier tugging at a dead tree which the current had wedged with others against a projecting boulder. This mass the Indian was loosening preparatory to swinging the dead wood across the deepest part of the channel as a bridge.

As the Artist was descending to aid him he was astonished to see smoke rising from the adjacent valley. His exclamation brought Xavier to his side, but the half-breed's nose had warned him before his eyes saw the peril. The forest was on fire.

The clouds of smoke grew rapidly larger and denser and both men saw in dismay that they blew directly toward them. The evergreens and birches, desiccated by the long spell of hot weather, would go like powder; and both men jumped back to the pile of driftwood which piece by piece they tore apart in desperation. At last they loosened the trunk they sought, swung it into midstream and Xavier ran lightly across and through the shallow of the opposite side to the shore. The Artist scrambled back to await the canoe on his own side. As he left the height he gave a swift glance at the fire and was surprised to see smoke rising from another focus farther down the valley. It struck him strangely too that the new place was up wind. Then the thought startled him that the whole affair was prearranged with malice, but in the stress and excitement the impression was forgotten until afterward.

To one who has never witnessed the burning of a forest of birch, spruce and pine, it is difficult to convey the mingled feeling of magnificence and horror which it inspires. A spruce tree flashes almost instantly into flame from bottom to top with a crackling, hissing roar, sharp, quick, and loud,

and accompanied by a vivid light. The birch, after the first powdery explosion, burns steadily and pours out great volumes of thick black smoke which whirl over head and screen the seething furnace below. Ten, twenty, or fifty trees may catch fire at once and shoot up wildly in twisting columns of smoke, while glowing coals, caught by the wind, hurtle furiously over and among the doomed trees ahead.

The Artist recognized at once his desperate situation. The only chance of escape was in running the river along that fierce front of fire until they passed its southern edge or reached the expansion of river on which the camp set.

At the edge of the bank he found Xavier waiting with the canoe and badly frightened. They dipped their sweaters in the river, hung them over the side next to the fire, seized their paddles and the race began. The light canoe fled down the current with a mass of foam on its prow. It was time. The whole animal world was in motion. Waxwings flew over in a continuous stream; ravens and jays dashed by with harsh nervous cries. The wolf and his prey swam side by side and a bear crossed before the leaping canoe with terror in his eyes.

The smoke came thicker through the trees and settled lower. A dense soot fell upon the men and burning twigs and glowing cinders dropped hissing into the water or were knocked from the canoe by a quick sweep of the paddle. They could scarcely see, but by a sudden increase of heat and smoke that stifled and burnt their lungs, they knew they had entered the canon of the Palisades. With each instant the roar of the flames came nearer and louder. The heat was unbearable and the smoke deadly. They thrust the canoe up on the face of shelving rock, jumped out and dashed

toward the Falls. In a few seconds the flames burst through the forest ahead of them like a tornado—the river front was a sheet of fire. They turned in rapid retreat to the canoe only to find it a mass of flames. In despair they were about to plunge into the river when they heard a shout and looking up they saw an Indian face hanging over the cliff and dropping a tump-line at arm's length. The end was several feet short, but Xavier stuck his mocassined toes into the crevices of rock and strong of wind and frightened, he clung to the scant projections of rock and went upward rapidly. No doubt he would have gone on alone but the Artist seized his feet, and with this help finally caught the line up which Xavier was speeding hand over hand.

Choked by smoke and blistered by the heat he clung to the line. Xavier went over the top and disappeared. The strange Indian shouted encouragement and pulled up the line. In this way the Artist finally reached the crest and fell over exhausted. "Kawin, kawin," cried the Indian, and lifting him to his feet he urged him down the slope to the moose-trail. "Go in white smoke, in white smoke," cautioned the Indian. On the moose-trail they were partially protected for a time. Xavier had vanished, leaving them to follow as best they could. Pieces of flaming spruce and torches of birch bark dropped around them and began to start small fires. The smoke made breathing nearly impossible. Stumbling and staggering they went blindly on. Dumbly the Artist wondered about their direction and twice he went down. Again he fell and this time something seemed to give way for he lost consciousness.

Meanwhile at camp we had watched the sudden appearance of the fire with great anxiety. We knew the dry

forest would go like tinder and, with the wind as it was, we were bound to get part of it. Where was the Artist and Xavier? Could they possibly get beyond the fire front?

The tents were taken down and sunk at the water's edge with stones. The meats followed. The rest of the provisions we took to the peninsula and covered with wet blankets. We sunk the canoes and waited. We shouted. There was no response. I was stamping the peninsula in despair when the flames burst through the opposite shore and swept across the crest of the Falls. At the same moment a man came rushing down the moose-trail toward the peninsula. Hopefully I hurried to meet him. It was Xavier, black, panting, and muttering French and Indian gibberish. I seized him and shook him awake. "Where is he, where, where?" He pointed backward and jerked away. I started up the trail. Great waves of smoke and heat came down upon me. It was dark. I kept on till my lungs warned me that farther progress was impossible. I shouted and turned back. There was a hoarse gurgle near by. I looked and along the trail staggered an Indian with blood streaming from a great gash in his cheek. It was Waboosons. He was half dragging and half carrying the Artist. I grabbed his feet and between us we got the boy to the water. Here he partially revived, and we moved him to the peninsula. The smoke had increased; sinking to our necks in water we breathed through the mesh of our steaming coats and sweaters.

Hour after hour we waited. The denser darkness told us it was night. Lights twinkled about like giant fireflies, or shot like rockets into the air. The snapping fires, the crash of trees, the boom of belated explosions continued. It

was a pyrotechnic display. After a time the wind seemed to change or become stronger. The heat diminished, the air cleared somewhat, and we drew ourselves out on the rocks to lie down, and gradually come back to life.

The fire had gone. A yellow murky moon came out and looked down, not upon a magnificent forest, green, cool, and fragrant, but on a multitude of cindered stems, dusty, sparkling, dead, and unshrouded.

We began to collect ourselves. The Artist excitedly told his story as we washed and dressed the Indian's wound. To our expressions of gratitude Waboosons paid no attention save to look up occasionally with friendly luminous eyes. Little by little we learned that Waboosons was carrying on a feud with an old Medicine Man who had tried and was still trying to kill him. Waboosons had not yet got to the point where he could kill the old man in cold blood, for he was his father-in-law, but he was camping on his trail and circumventing and rectifying his mischief wherever he could. The fire had been intended for Waboosons, but it nearly caught us all.

"Well, it is no wonder the Artist and Waboosons feel such a close friendship," said the Tenderfoot, "but what do you make of the gray canoe. Do you correlate that spectre with the old conjurer?"

"As for the gray canoe," I replied, knocking the ashes out of my pipe, "you have all the facts. Possibly you can help us with a solution."

The Magician

The Magician

"It is good to see you again," said the Indian Agent, as he jumped aboard the tug while the crew made fast the line. "Waboosons had all but given you up when the letter came. Yes, he is looking after the canoes. You need not give them a thought. He is a fine boy. He went with us on the hunt last winter and you well know what a comfort he was. I think I wrote you that I got a wonderful pair of horns, nearly five feet across. Waboosons had a narrow escape though in getting them out. Wolves again. Yes, you see, the day before we broke camp he went out alone to make a trail and took the big head along to save time. It was on top of his pack and ordinarily the thing would work out all right, but there had been an epidemic among the deer and moose that killed many. In consequence the wolves were all starved, and when they got a whiff of the fresh meat they swung into pursuit from miles around. They were mad from hunger and as night came on they became so savage and daring that Waboosons built a fire at the foot of a tree, climbed up to a big branch, and drew up his pack and the head with the tumpline. It became an all night siege. When we came up in the morning, the snow had been beaten down clear up to the tree on all sides. Waboosons said that the pack-leader was huge black fellow with only three toes on his left fore foot. Waboosons hit

him on the nose once with a switch as he tried to climb the tree."

"How long have you known Waboosons?" I inquired.

It must be twenty years, I think, yes, all of that, since I first met him. That was a curious affair too. Come up into the Pilot House and I will tell you about it. There are a hundred and fifty boxes of fish to come aboard so we will have plenty of time. There, now, we can be comfortable. Yes, about twenty years ago. The boy and his family were in great trouble. Indeed the whole village was involved. The storm was stirred up apparently by one of the village magicians. I was in the fur trade then and while cruising along the North Shore from one Post to another, I got caught in a high wind which held me up for several days. I was interested in the conflict and stayed on to the end. Waboosons gave me the high lights of the story and I deduced the rest.

As far back as anybody ever remembered, the village had been located across the river on that broad level area which is much more suitable than this one," and he pointed to the scraggy, uneven hillside where the cabins clung in weather-beaten decrepitude. "The removal of the village was due to the disturbance that came to a head while I was here. It was a kind of medico-religious affair that grew out of the ambitions and trickery of an old devil named Wabeno. He was the chief medicine man and he had the whole community in a state of discord and apprehension. The better element was afraid to waken his wrath while the wild ones instinctivly accepted his leadership. Distrust and dissension were inevitable. The Magician seemed possessed with the idea that the entire village must acknowledge his

dominance and pay tribute to his Manitou, which of course meant him.

No fraud or intrigue, apparently, was too vile to further this design and no opportunity was neglected to increase his prestige and power. Besides his purpose was backed up by an extraordinary proficiency in Indian magic and an unusual ability to play upon the mystic fears of his tribesmen. One of the simplest of his tricks was the sacred fire which he kept burning on yonder cliff, in that niche from which the spring flows. On account of the projecting walls, the fire could only be seen from that part of the village where Wabeno had his tepee, and to Indians who had no knowledge of coal it was wonderful and mysterious that a fire could burn so long and so steadily without growing weak from inattention or age. Furthermore, it whitened and reddened in a sinister and remitting glow which aroused and maintained their superstitious respect. I have no doubt Wabeno kept the fire going by secret visits at close intervals, but on official occasions he went up to the shrine openly. At such times the fire would show strange flares and colors which were interpreted to mean that Wabeno was making medicine. Once in a while when Wabeno made medicine, a devastating storm would sweep down out of the mountains on the north, and thus give convincing evidence that the fire was an outward and visible sign of the spirit counsellors who strengthened the arm of Wabeno.

More and more the village had been dominated by the sacerdotal center which towered ominously above it, and more and more the opinion was accepted that so long as the fire burned the hunting would be good and starvation and disease averted. Also the notion prevailed, and prob-

ably was encouraged, that it was necessary to propitiate Wabeno, the chosen guardian of the fire and the representative of those spirits whose symbol it was. For should the fire be withdrawn, Wabeno would be powerless to help, and the whole village would feel the desertion or even the active wrath of a great Manitou. Wabeno had all the cards set to be the great chief of the supernatural.

To be sure there had been considerable resistance in the early days. Several attempts had been made to invade the secret sanctuary and expose the machinery, but in every instance the trespasser had been beaten back by acrid fumes and suffocating vapors that nearly took his life. Old Waboos, too, the most popular and respected member of the tribe, had opposed the magician in a dignified and straightforward way, but he would not stoop to the low arts which were necessary to baffle the conjurer. In consequence he suffered affronts and injuries from Wabeno until they became intolerable and then retired in lofty pride to the forest.

Yet in spite of the fire spirit and in spite of Wabeno, sickness was general at the time of my visit. An epidemic prevailed which was characterized, not by sharp, vicious attacks but by low fevers that hung on until the victim was worn to a skeleton and in many cases died.

Waboosons was only a boy of thirteen, but he had observed that while the sickness was general, most of the fatalities had occurred among those who were hostile to, or at least were unwilling to acknowledge, the entire supremacy of Wabeno. These people were relatively few in number, but among them were most of the old men and all the personal friends and connections of Waboos.

The epidemic continued and even spread more widely. The father of Waboosons was finally stricken and the boy was wild with anxiety for his father was not only the brother-in-law of Waboos but the recognized head of Wabeno's enemies.

Waboosons was certain in his own mind that Wabeno brought on, or was responsible for, all the sickness in the village and every day he would discuss with me his suspicions and such new evidence as he had been able to glean. Every night he studied the cliff long and earnestly to see if the diminution of the fire might not signalize an abatement of Wabeno's power. His family impoverished themselves to placate the Medicine Man, but apparently in vain, for the sick man grew steadily worse.

I tried to show the boy that Wabeno would have no motive in making his own friends ill, as some of them were, and certainly no object in causing them to die as several did. Waboosons was not convinced and the time came when he let me see there was a basis for his suspicions.

It happened this way. The Medicine Man insisted on attending all the sick ones personally, and these ministrations, while unwelcome to the family of Waboosons, could not well be refused with safety. Yet they felt that Wabeno's aid would not avail the sick man; in fact they suspected, and in their hearts they knew, his intentions were evil. The sick man was required by Wabeno to sleep alone in his tepee so that no unfriendly influence could disturb the action of his charms nor in any way interfere with the potent spirits the Magician summoned to his aid. He gave it out that the spirits were extremely sensitive and any doubt, criticism or

even unexpressed questioning of their power would put them to flight instantly and no further aid could be secured.

Whether from delirium, fear, or incoherent vision, the sick man soon began to rave by day about his nights of horror. Should he doze or fall asleep, he felt a dreadful weight upon his chest. It was a dead weight, which he was conscious of but could not see, as he struggled violently for breath. In his ravings, he complained that someone clasped him around the chest and prevented him from getting air. For hours after such an experience he was too weak to move or cry out and when morning came he was exhausted and covered with cold sweat.

In spite of presents that were given prodigally, the fever returned every afternoon and in spite of Wabeno's assiduous drumming at the head of the sick man, he failed visibly.

One night the sick man's favorite dog crept in stealthily and laid down at his side. About midnight there was a terrific uproar in the tepee. The dog was heard to snarl and strike. There was a sound of scuffling and fighting, the dog howled with pain which ended in a gurgle and those who looked quickly thought they saw a shadowy figure of great height slip away in the darkness.

Wabeno, who was the first to arrive at the tepee, declared that the tall figure was a cannibalistic spirit called a windigo. This windigo was in the habit of hovering nightly around the tepee seeking an opportunity to suck the blood of the sick man. Hitherto he had been kept at bay by Wabeno's medicine, but on this occasion the presence of the dog had interfered and his efforts had been futile.

The sick man showed no signs of bodily injury, but he

Conjurer's Wigwam

even unexpressed questioning of their power would put them to flight instantly and no further aid could be secured.

Whether from delirium fear or incoherent vision, the sick man soon began to [illegible] by day about his nights of horror. Should he [illegible] asleep, he felt a dreadful weight upon his chest, [illegible] a dead weight, which he was [illegible] violently for breath. In his [illegible] clasped [illegible] for. For hours after such an experience [illegible] move or try out and when morning came he [illegible] and covered with cold sweat.

In spite of presents that [illegible] the [illegible] Wabeno's [illegible] at the head of the sick man, he failed visibly.

One night the sick man's favorite dog crept in stealthily and laid down at his side. About midnight there was a terrific uproar in the tepee. The dog was heard to snarl and strike. There was a sound of scuffling and fighting, the dog howled with pain which ended in a gurgle and those who looked quickly thought they saw a shadowy figure of great height slip away in the darkness.

Wabeno, who was the first to arrive at the tepee, declared that the tall figure was a cannibalistic spirit called a windigo. This windigo was in the habit of hovering nightly around the tepee seeking an opportunity to suck the blood of the sick man. Hitherto he had been kept at bay by Wabeno's medicine, but on this occasion the presence of the dog had interfered and his efforts had been futile.

The sick man showed no signs of bodily injury, but he

never recovered consciousness. The dog was dead with a long gash in his throat. This, Wabeno explained loftily, was the characteristic work of a windigo when enraged.

Some days later Waboosons, who believed in wingdigoes but not in the Magician, went up the river after ducks. A small flock was feeding near the shore so he crept carefully up to them through the underbrush. He had almost got them in range of his old "company musket," when they suddenly took flight in alarm. While Waboosons was studying out the cause, Wabeno appeared on the edge of the stream. He drank, surveyed the shores of the river attentively both up and down and then removing his legging, he bathed a large place on his leg which had been torn and lacerated. Waboosons said it had been done by the dog.

This story made the boy's previous declarations sound extremely plausible, but what could he do? He was too young to cope with the wily conjurer even with strong evidence. Others far more experienced, had failed to accomplish anything. Then an idea occurred to me. "Why don't you get Old Waboos to come back and undertake the matter? From what you have told me he seems to be the only one who has a chance to clean up Wabeno."

"No use now," said the boy drearily, "father dead."

Two days later, however, his mother came down with the fever and Waboosons was frantic. He said no more to me but that night he and his canoe disappeared. I was confident he had gone after his uncle but I doubted if he could succeed. Sixty miles of lake travel and twenty of river currents separated us from the upper waters of the Pinguisibi where Waboos lived. Furthermore at this time

of the year it was quite probable that Waboos would not stay on his hunting grounds.

Ten days went by and one morning the boy paddled up the river to the village with Waboos in the latter's canoe. It seemed that on the second night of his journey Waboosons had been windbound on the shore and during the night his canoe had vanished. It had been intentionally carried off by an enemy whose boldness was shown by the moccasined footprints which he had taken no pains to conceal. The boy had an hour or so of discouragement and then he had struck off through the woods directly toward those upper waters of the Pinguisibi where Waboos commonly dwelt.

The arrival of Waboos created a great sensation and added much to the importance of the crisis. I had never seen him before, nor indeed since, but I shall always remember the impression he gave of mental and physical strength. He was as straight as the pines in whose shadow he lived, but the dignity and majesty of his face and carriage mirrored a mighty soul and left the observer no option but attention. His eyes, especially, looked one through and through and conveyed the feeling that no guilt could escape him.

Waboos visited the lodge of his sister and renewed his acquaintance with the old men, some of whom he had not seen for years. Many of his friends were dead and others were afraid to associate with him openly. It was a sad return.

After a period of feasting and purification Waboos took his medicine drum, the mitigwakik, and went to his sister's tepee. The restorative drumming began at once, and like soft thunder among the folding hills the deep vibrations

rolled out from that head of untanned deerskin, while Waboos chanted a plea for mercy to the Master of Life.

The treatment continued for three days, but the woman grew worse and Wabeno from a distance watched the effort fail with sneering satisfaction. Finally the rhythmic boom subsided. There was a long silence and then Waboos, in apparent despair, left the tepee and entered the forest.

In his mind, however, there was no submission nor in his spirit any renunciation. Thoughtfully he had considered the emergency and intelligently he had devised ways and means to meet it. In a short time he returned with a handful of strange looking roots. These he boiled for several hours and then mingling the liquor with broth of deer meat, gave it as a drink to his sister.

It was a serious mistake, for not only did his sister begin to mend, but Wabeno and his followers broke out furiously against him. "He cures by roots and not by drumming," they cried, "he is a reproach to us and our Medicine Men who maintain the traditions of our ancestors."

"What difference how, so long as he cures?" asked the friends of Waboos. "Behold our sick and the many dead. Let him cure any way he likes so long as he cures."

"Did not the Martin get well when Wabeno drummed," urged others, "and was not the son of Spotted Bird made straight? Why should we put this affront upon Wabeno? His medicine is good medicine and the village has prospered under it. No medicine is stronger than Wabeno's and his fire is Manitou fire."

"Waboos' medicine is best," declared one of the old men, "we never had sickness nor bad hunting while he was with us and the fire, I think, is a bad spirit."

"Let a Medicine Lodge be built then," urged someone, "and let Waboos prove his medicine against Wabeno."

This suggestion found general favor at once. The contest would be exciting and all set about to arrange it. Work began immediately on the lodge. Five poles of different kinds of wood were driven in a circle deep into the ground. The tops were joined by girders and the whole structure covered with moose skins, except a small door at the side to admit the performers.

To Waboos and Wabeno the news had not been entirely unexpected and each conducted himself according to his disposition.

Wabeno moved about busily among his followers and with a whisper here and a nod there prepared them for the event.

Waboos sat in melancholy stateliness at the door of his sister's lodge. He had eaten nothing since his fast began and as evening approached, he rose, walked slowly through the village and disappeared on the trail which led to the brow of the cliff.

"He is afraid," whispered his enemies and the young men who did not remember Waboos looked after him with scorn.

"Waboos was never afraid," rejoined the old men, "and he will show you that his medicine is strong."

Night fell and Waboos had not returned. An impatient throng gathered around the Medicine Lodge and waited. Their eager faces and eyes that glittered like beads in the flare of the fire, betrayed the intense excitement under which they labored.

More confident possibly in the absence of Waboos, the

Magician hastened his preparation and soon presented himself in the spectacular splendor of his official robes. The skin flap was held aside and he vanished in the sacred inclosure.

Hardly had the opening closed when, to the gratification of the beholders, the lodge began to shake and sway, while numerous voices were heard—yelling, barking, screeching and howling. Amid these sounds could be distinguished also screams and sobs as of rage and despair mingled with moans of pain and anguish. Articulate speech was also heard but in a language no one understood. Then the sounds ceased and a thin voice announced that the Great Spirit was friendly and would condescend to answer questions.

After a decent delay an old man stepped forward and laid an offering of tobacco and skins at the door of the lodge. "Why do our people die?" he inquired.

Instantly, the horrible chorus was renewed and continued with an amazing variety and vigor. At length Wabeno's natural voice was heard.

"The ears of the Master of Life are open. The sound of your voice goes to him but he is distressed because the drumming which so long comforted his soul and called his attention to the needs of his children, is not heard. He has cast his eyes about and he sees evil spirits in great numbers who fly into the bodies of our friends and destroy them. These must be driven off by the drums of the Mystery Men. Also, says the Master of Life, the sickness in the village will spread until those who use roots are made to leave. The presence of such men is a reproach to the Mystery Men whose personal devotion and drum service is

pleasing to him. Thus speaks the Master of Life whose fire looks down upon the people and unless those who slight him and insult his prophet be driven forth, so shall all the village perish." The last words were shouted in a frenzy of anger.

"Let him be driven forth," cried many voices, "send him away." But the old men shook their heads in sorrow, for they loved Waboos.

A short silence followed, then the flap of the lodge was raised and Wabeno came out. His appearance was truly terrifying. His cheeks twitched and drew, his hair was dishevelled, his scarred mouth foamed and his eyes were still rolling, but whether from rage or from close communion with the malignant deity I could not tell.

"Where is this Waboos, who brought us to shame and humiliated us in the eyes of the Master of Life?" There was no answer. Friends and sycophants crowded around the Magician as he drew himself up proudly and turned to walk away.

Where was Waboos? His friends too were puzzled and began to be anxious when from the depths of the Medicine Lodge came the rhythmic roll of his great drum. We all looked in wonder at our neighbors. Whether our attention had been so riveted on Wabeno as to exclude all else I do not know, but certainly no one had been seen to enter the sacred place.

Louder and louder rose the tones of the drum, and like a flock of birds the throng converged in a wild sweep upon the Lodge of Mystery. They could not look within, but from the depths of that unseen instrument came the potent voices of ancestors; voices evoked from the land of souls

and speaking to the hearts of the present generation with thrilling distinctness.

Another voice joined, a human voice, at first low pitched and sad, but gathering strength as it accepted and repeated the deep tones of the drum. Strange and wild was the effect, but all recognized the manly tones of Waboos. Words came, words that all could understand:

"Speaks the Father, speaks the Father, ho, ho,
With the morning star upon his brow, ho, ho,
Speaks the Father.
That his children may see, ho, ho,
Speaks the Father, speaks the Father, ho, ho,
That his children may see the light, ho, ho,
Speaks the Father."

Over and over the song was repeated in heart-stirring throbs that were emphasized by the resonant pulsations of the drum. Gradually the sounds died away and a strong smell of burning tobacco emanated from the lodge. Worldly influences had departed and Waboos was in communion with his Manitou—lost in expectancy of revelations from those weird mists that spin between life and death. No sound was heard either within or without the lodge save the deep breathing of the spellbound audience.

Next, without dramatic gesture or pretentious pose, Waboos lifted the skin flap and stepped quietly into the midst of a crowd thoroughly subdued. In the half-light of the flickering fires his face was haggard and mournful. His eyes were deep sunken from fasting and sorrow, but they showed only inward vision as he began to speak.

"My brothers, long has Waboos lived among you. Here was his boyhood spent. Here was his manhood attained.

Among you are still a few who fought and suffered at his side. Waboos is the last of his line and weary with much wandering he hoped at last to die among his friends, but the bond is broken. Even as the trails of life lead into the trails of death so does the trail of Waboos lead into the forest. To the shadows of the pines and the softly folding hills he goes where he may live out his life and die in peace. Your bad hearts and bad counsels have driven him away. Yet Waboos loves his people. For their sakes he has journeyed to the Land of Souls where the Red Chiefs have spoken even as they spoke to our Fathers. They have revealed the cause of your grief. The water of the river is bad medicine, strong with evil spirits and you cannot contend with it. Go, therefore, to the other side of the waters and build new wigwams. Drink only from the cold spring that flows from the mountain side and thus shall your sickness cease. As for Wabeno, there is a shadow across his eyes and wisdom has not come with age. His day is done, his medicine leads to destruction." There was an impressive pause as he raised his eyes and pointing to the cliff with his long finger, he added, "Even as his fire has not given you good hunting so has it not protected you from disease. Behold, therefore, Waboos has seen fit to put it out. Farewell, my brothers." We looked and it was so. The lurid gleam had disappeared. Wabeno also had vanished.

Wrapping his robe about his shoulders, Waboos moved slowly and grandly through the bewildered and despondent company that parted for his passage.

He did not stop till he came to the river. Here he dropped the blanket from his naked shoulders, stepped into

his canoe and, slipping his paddle into the water with a single powerful stroke, swept out into the stream.

As the canoe grated away from the shore, a low desolate wail, the moan of a stricken woman, rose from the lodges but if heard, it made no change in the purpose of Waboos. Like a ghost, the slim canoe floated on till a sharp tearing rap nearly overturned it. An arrow had passed through the bark and lodged in the rib of the opposite side. The red shaft, slashed with black, easily betrayed the owner as a Mystery Man.

With a sigh, Waboos drew in his paddle and, as if invisible spirits were sweeping the canoe into the hereafter, so Waboos glided down stream through the night and out upon the hissing, curling, songless waves of the Big Sea Water.

The Eagle Feather

The Eagle Feather

The Fire Ranger had dropped in for supper. He had dropped in from nowhere as the custom is with Rangers and he ate enormously which is also customary. Then we gathered around the fire to which Waboosons contributed a huge log. As he threw it on he said something in the Indian tongue to the Ranger who was filling his pipe. Holding the tobacco down with his thumb, he looked thoughtfully for an instant at the Indian and reaching for a match, he remarked, "Waboosons says the Dance of the Dead Men has begun. Shall we go down to the shore; it might be worth while?"

We were camped on Waboos Lake, a few hundred feet east of a rocky point that shoulders out into the water from the south and forms a cove ideally sheltered from the wind and ideally level for the tents. This dark mass of jagged stone is the only break in the long forest-bound beach whose gentle curves sweep in and out among the great hills that distinguish the "North Shore" of Lake Superior.

Thinking we should be absent only a few moments we walked to the edge of the lake, whose wide expanse gave an unobstructed view of the northern heavens.

The Aurora was indeed developing. Broad waving ribbons of dusky green and lambent flames of reddish yellow quivered and flowed like a vast glittering tent directly above and in front of us.

"The Red Gods are surely making medicine tonight,"

said the Artist, as a grand streamer of crimson and gold shot tremulously across the sky and shifted quickly into an irredescent green. Fluctuating torrents of light inundated the Heavens and poured over the high arena in an eager race to the Pole.

"It is no wonder the Indians regard them as spirit dancings," commented the Ranger. "They have many associations to confirm their belief. Did you ever hear about Waboosons' last encounter with Wabeno?"

"No, tell us about it," responded the Artist hastily, for anything deeply concerning his beloved Indian interested him.

We arranged ourselves as comfortably as we might and after a moment or so the Ranger continued as follows:

I was then in the Mounted Police and was assigned to the case. As you have probably heard, there was a feud of long standing between Wabeno and Waboosons. A family rivalry to begin with, which Waboosons inherited from old Waboos, a dispute over a trapping trail, a forest fire, and several other things. To crown all Waboosons ran off with Wabeno's daughter. It was a fine mix-up. The old man was so wild with rage and humiliation that he left the village and never came back. He had held a high position in the tribe, largely through a fear of his wizardry, but after he left, Waboosons began to forge ahead rapidly on account of his skill and wisdom in all those things that the Indians hold dear. I always thought he had a lot of ability, "as one who had talked with Manitou," his friends said. Besides he was young and doubtless ambitious to become the head chief. His friends steadily increased and, the Old Conjurer being gone, he only needed the Eagle Feather, he thought, to have a clear path to the leadership.

The Eagle Feather denoted some unusual and daring achievement, and he has told me that he often longed for the times when war with the Cree or Sioux made more opportunity. He wondered too how his uncle, Old Waboos, would meet these modern conditions. Some feat of distinction, some great victory, Waboos had said, would entitle him to receive this reward from the hands of the old men. But he saw no way open.

He considered the matter constantly and he brooded over the fued with Wabeno until it finally occurred to him that he might destroy his enemy and win the Feather at the same time.

His sense of tribal filation to Wabeno had disappeared. He looked upon him as one whom no tie of family, tribe, or blood compelled him to reprieve. In this attitude he was conscious of the support of a majority of his tribesmen. However Wabeno kept at a safe distance and so the feud smouldered and smoked.

Autumn came and Ninnemoosha, Wabeno's daughter, went with Waboosons to establish their winter camp on the Pinguisibi. By this bold step Waboosons determined to assert his rights and to establish a direct issue with Wabeno, who still haunted the river and hoped by foul means or sheer strength to hold the region in spite of the tribal law.

They located the camp so it faced the river, but was sheltered from the rigorous winds by a high breast of rock on one side and the forest on the other and behind. The spot was chosen, not on account of the trapping line which lay far to the east and south, but for its seclusion, and this was sought not so much through fear of Wabeno as for Ninnemoosha, who neared her time.

Waboosons inspected his territory carefully and by the first snowfall the winter meat was killed and the places for the traps picked out. It was none too soon, for the winter closed in early and with a frightful severity. Notwithstanding the weather, the little family on the Pinguisibi looked upon the future, not indifferently perhaps nor yet with discontent but, with confidence. The tepee was unusually warm with its two thicknesses of bark, the food was adequate, and the harvest of fur promised well. Wabeno gave no sign. There was much to do, and life was full of expectancy.

Waboosons began to lay out his traps. It happened that while he was away that Ninnemoosha's travail began. With the approach of her pains she arranged her lodge, closed it and after the tribal custom retired to a small shelter she had built deep in the forest. In sturdy fortitude she met her ordeal and survived with the easy stolidity of her race. A storm came on, the wind raged, and snow fell thickly for several days.

Waboosons, meanwhile, had hurt his hand in one of the traps and this and the blinding storm delayed his return. When he did get back he was startled to find his tepee gone and the site buried under two or three feet of snow. Anxiously he called and hurried to Ninnemoosha's retreat. An answering cry relieved him and soon his wife appeared with their young son on her back. Together they visited the place where their lodge had stood. They felt no doubt of the author of the mischief. Ninnemoosha made sure by brushing away the snow until they could see the snowshoe tracks leading off to the north. Waboosons under-

stood. It was a dirty trick. Primitive, unimaginative, but effective.

Like bees whose hive is destroyed, they waited about in bewilderment for a few days, living on the meat Waboosons had brought from the traps. His hand was badly swollen and a new lodge was difficult to build. Again snow fell. Drifts piled high in the deep ravines and the sheeted trees were ghostly in their silent abundance. The traps could no longer be depended on for food and, even if the weather cleared, the labor of digging them out with only one good hand seemed hopeless. In the uncertainty of it all he resolved to try for the Post. Haste was necessary on account of the daily diminishing food supply, but the fire had left them only one pair of snowshoes. This, with the weight and care of the child, made their progress slow.

You who live in cities may have felt the pangs of hunger and you who travel by the roads may have known the rigor of cold, but have you felt your strength wane hour by hour under the deadly grip both of famine and extreme cold? Have you floundered through deep snow, day after day, and watched your wife shrink and dwindle under the terrible hardships she uncomplainingly endures? Have you seen your new-born child feebly wail out its little life as he clutches at the dry breasts of his starving mother? If so, you may possibly appreciate the days of agony which Waboosons suffered before he and his wife staggered through the gate of the Post.

You may in a measure also comprehend the fierce passion that swept and reswept the aboriginal soul of Waboosons as he gradually recovered his vigor and saw in retrospect by how slight a chance he had been spared. Revenge

is the duty of an Indian. It is the dominant quality of aggression both for the individual and the tribe and is restrained or modified only by an equally powerful sense of hospitality. But for Wabeno there was no hospitality. Waboosons spent his strengthening days in trying to devise some punishment, some suitably savage end, for Wabeno; some death not alone of the body, but of the will; not of the flesh merely, but of the spirit; not silent and composed as at the time appointed by the Master of Life, but with taunting word and with burning grasp, venomous with the hate he felt.

But the North is vague. The North which received the fleeing Wabeno is a vast immensity—sea-like, but with multitudinous crypts and crevices where a man may hide both from sunshine and crime.

None the less the time came when Waboosons disappeared from the Post and his shadowy vision of wrath and revenge went with him. It stalked at his side through village after village where he sought his prey. It grinned in his face, bent low over the feeble glow of his little brush fires. It ran before him on the long march to Hudson Bay after the trail was found, and under the lambent flames of the Northern Lights it came and went in silent shapes of mist. Eyes, too, gleamed out of the near foreground during the long nights, but whether these were real or only figments he never straightly knew.

The farther north he went, the more frequent were the Auroras and the more curiously they affected his nerves. The majestic dance awed him; the quiver and shift of spirit lances made him shudder. Also he observed an oppressive presence that came with them and seemed to brood over him

and threaten. It was an injurious presence which he could avoid easily by moving away from the Lights, but his instinct warned him that this was the sign of Wabeno; that this was the cloud or effluvium that Wabeno threw about himself; and so Waboosons trod resolutely into it. It became his guide, but to him a portentous one.

At last the trail grew clearer and the Indian's mood more defined. He threaded the scrubby pines and sickly tamaracks that mark the muskegs on the south and came out upon the main road to Moose Factory. Always his days were spent on glittering wastes of snow and ever the nights were overhung by those bewildering transformations of gleaming green and gold that menaced him with their flickering prismatic spears.

It was while clicking slowly north on his worn-out snowshoes that the mail carrier whirled by in a cloud of snow and white; ghostly in a veneer of frozen vapor. The sledge dogs panted on, the sheeted driver passed and, before this first tangible instrument of Government, Waboosons had a flittering thought of the white man's law and the white man's power, but the vision went quickly and he barely sensed it in the stronger and more congenial impression he received from the inquiring eyes of the mail carrier. He divined instantly that the man had met Wabeno, and with the mysterious certainty of his race he knew he was not far from his prey.

The mail carrier, too, was a veteran forest traveller and he quickly understood that a tragedy impended. To be sure an Indian more or less meant nothing to him, and yet in the North Country matters for gossip are rare and it would be something to mention to the Police at the next Post.

The scrubby pines became fewer and farther apart, the

shores of the Bay appeared—a vast dreary sea, covered with hillocks and mountains of ice. The weird voices of the ice fields now added their terrors to the insistant rustling and crackling of the auroral flames. The wind became colder and sharper. It drove through the web of his blanket and deep into the hair of his rabbit-skin coat, but this troubled him little. The trail had also freshened, and Waboosons pushed on doggedly in the assurance that the Conjurer was not more than two sleeps away.

Darkness came and with it snow fell. The Aurora was blotted out and the Indian, greatly relieved, went to sleep early. After a time he awoke with a strange presentiment of danger. The warm cell he had scooped out in the snow was too comfortable to move out of hastily, but after a few minutes he sat up, shook off the covering of light flakes and looked about. He rose and peered long into the depths of the neighboring trees. His fire was out. The sky had cleared. The stars shone cold and with wonderful brilliance. An owl hooted. A gray wolf howled in the distance, but nothing seemed to justify his alarm. Nevertheless, he arranged the snow in a long man-like mass, covered it with his blanket and slipped away into the night. The late arctic dawn was just developing when he returned and noted, with a grunt of satisfaction rather than surprise, that a hand holding a knife had been plunged wrist deep into the breast of the image.

The rising sun made a blinding dazzle of the wide snow field. Waboosons loosened his sheath knife, recharged his gun, filled his mouth was pemmican, and took up the march. He realized this would be the last day of the pursuit; and so also did another for over his head swung a broad black

shape. The Indian recognized the swaying figure and the significance of its presence—but the bird? What uncanny intelligence, what dreadful prescience enables him to foresee a feast when, from his high station, he beholds two lonesome figures ranging over the frozen desolation of the North?

Waboosons soon found himself among the hillocks of ice and, climbing a high one, he scanned attentively that glistening field of hard, sharp crystals. In front and to the right was ice as far as he could see, illimitable, piled up masses of it. Hummocks innumerable and grinning mountains of it, white, somber gray and sometimes purple. From the right also came the low never ceasing thunder of the undercurrents fighting their way down from the Arctic ocean. To the left, the field was smoother and marked with occasional trees that gradually merged in lines and ridges which raced up the snowy slopes of hills or lost themselves in distant frontages of forest. Overhead the great bird tilted and soared in patient confidence, while his shadow twined and interlaced over the sparkling area below.

Carefully and systematically Waboosons examined the space before him both near and far. At last he saw a black speck weaving in and out among some distant hummocks. He breathed faster, his mouth set, and a warm flood of rage and triumph suffused him. Slipping down the icy declivity he started directly toward the little speck.

The short northern day had begun to wane when across a breadth of snow the two figures stood revealed to one another. Wabeno stopped as he recognized the final necessity. He laid down his pack and looked over his gun, held it irresolutely a moment and, as the habits of a life time reasserted their power, he laid it aside and began to dance

and chant an incantation. Round and round he swung in his magic maze and round and round in diminishing circles overhead soared the expectant flier—silent, hungry, and pitiless.

Waboosons again examined his gun and hurried forward. A strange, wild ecstasy surged through his body and mounted to his brain. It was not the lust of battle, but the exhilaration of a confident manhood and the grim joy in a meeting which for months had been denied.

Meanwhile, at a short distance from the dancing Indian, a piece of ice detached itself from a giant hummock and began to move in a slow rolling manner over the snow. For an instant Waboosons felt a revitalization of all his old faith in magic, but he awakened with a shock to the truth. For the first time he looked upon the great white bear of the North—the dread and terror of all Indians.

Gaunt and starved, but ever monstrous, the animal advanced with increasing speed upon the absorbed and unseeing Magician. Waboosons was dismayed by this unexpected complication. He saw in a moment his revenge anticipated and the Eagle Feather lost. His rage rose against the bear, but with it revived the old powerful spell of clan, tradition, and tribal fellowship. It was just and right for him to kill Wabeno, but feather or no feather, revenge or no revenge, he could not leave his kinsman to the mercy of such a foe. His brain cleared. Courage and confidence replaced his indecision. He shouted a warning and rushed forward, but Wabeno mistook the cry and only danced the faster. Then some sound or sense must have roused him for, just as the ravenous beast reared up behind him, he snatched up his gun and discharged point blank into the vast white breast. It

was too late. Wabeno crumpled up like thread under a single swish of that mighty paw.

At that moment Waboosons came up, fired, and stopped to reload. He saw the bear flinch, claw at his side, then rise to battle with his new antagonist. The Indian fired again at close range, hurled his gun at the charging bear, drew his knife, and warily awaited attack. The enraged beast paused an instant to twist and rend the useless weapon and roared into action. Waboosons shouted his warcry and dodged dizzily about until the bear missed his charge and the Indian could close in from behind. Clutching the animal by the shaggy hair of his back Waboosons drove his blade again and again into the broad blood-stained side. The bear towered up in fury and turned upon the clinging Indian whose knife still rose and fell. Then stars glittered. The Aurora flashed once and disappeared. Waboosons went down in a heap.

He remembered nothing more until misty figures began to move about and vague pains appeared, indeterminate but excruciating. His head throbbed. He strove to rise but could not. He was helpless from the waist down and one arm seemed paralyzed. He felt for his legs and his hand met the hairy sloping side of the bear which overlaid him, massive and dead. He began to look about. Stars brilliantly revealed the night. Pushing and pulling he at last released his legs one after the other and rubbed a little life into them. He rolled over and groaned with the pain of it, but finally supporting himself against the bulky side of the bear he took stock of his condition. One arm was helpless, but not broken. The feeling might come back. He

felt many cuts on his shoulder, some bruises and a general lameness, yet on the whole he was gratified to be alive.

A low wailing sound came to his ears. It was the fragments of a chant which made him stagger to his feet. With a loud flap of wings the ill omened bird took flight. Waboosons dragged feebly toward the sound and soon he recognized it. Wabeno was crooning his death song:

"I have slain. I have slain.
O, many have I slain.
The Great Spirit calls—
I will come, I will come.
I will come to the land of the just.
O ho—I will come,
To the sacred lodge, O ho,
Yes, O ho, I will come.
Many have I slain O ho,
O ho,—yes—O ho—O ho—"

The voice grew fainter, and his lips alone moved as the spirit fled from that crushed and mangled form.

By tribal custom Waboosons should have set the dying man with his face to the east, but no,—he watched the spirit depart without emotion. Wabeno had gone to the land of souls and it was right. It was the decree of the Great Spirit.

The young Indian next made a rude sling for his arm, collected dry sticks from distant trees, and built a fire over which he roasted a piece of flesh from the bear. With the fire in front, the great bear at his back and his own and Wabeno's blankets over him, he fell asleep.

He awoke stiff and sore to see that great bird form tilting and swaying across a bright sky. Again he roasted flesh

"Some months afterward I visited his village"

felt many cuts on his shoulder, some bruises and a general lameness, yet on the whole he was gratified to be alive.

A low wailing sound came to his ears. It was the fragments of a chant which made him staggered his feet. With a loud flap of wings the ill-omened bird gone flight. Waboosons dragged feeble forward on hands and soon he recognized it. Wabeno was crooning his [illegible] song:

"I have slain—I have slain
O, many have I slain
The Great Spirit calls—
I will come, I will come,
I will come to the land of the [illegible]
O ho—I will come
To the sacred lodge, O ho,
Yes, O ho, I will come.
Many have I slain O ho,
O ho.—yes—O ho—O ho—"

The voice grew fainter, and his lips alone moved as the spirit fled from that crushed and mangled form.

By tribal custom Waboosons should have set the dying man with his face to the east, but no,—he watched the spirit depart without emotion. Wabeno had gone to the land of souls and it was right. It was the decree of the Great Spirit.

The young Indian next made a rude sling for his arm, collected dry sticks from distant trees, and built a fire over which he roasted a piece of flesh from the bear. With the fire in front, the great bear at his back and his own and Wabeno's blankets over him, he fell asleep.

He awoke stiff and sore to see that great bird form tilting and swaying across a bright sky. Again he roasted flesh

from the bear and put several large pieces in his blanket, together with the ears as trophies. He looked longingly at the valuable skin, but its removal was impossible and its weight prohibitive. He now made his speech of farewell to the bear and begged his forgiveness for killing him. He finished by blowing a few whiffs of smoke into the mouth of the animal and bade him good by. The ceremonial was over. His last duty was performed and, picking up Wabeno's gun and snowshoes, he strapped on his own snowshoes and without another glance at the bodies of man and bear which remained as obvious explanations of the tragedy, he started slowly southward. Throughout the long weeks of his homeward trip he noted without surprise that the marvelous Auroras of his upward journey did not reappear. The oppressive effluvium also failed. He was free of Wabeno at last.

When the mail carrier reported at the Post, I took a team of dogs and hurried after Waboosons, but I was too late. He had been gone a day or so and I found only the scavenger bird and the bodies. Some months after I visited his village. A council had been called and the old men gathered for conference. There was some debate between the friends of the two men, but at length the Eagle Feather was awarded to Waboosons. "It was not," the old men said, "because he had counted coup on his enemy, nor yet because he had slain the bear, either of which would ordinarily entitle him to the reward. Not at all. They said, "most honorable is he who killeth his enemy, for that is the law of our fathers; but for him who killeth his vengeance for the sake of his tribe, no honor is too high."

Long after the Ranger ceased speaking, we sat listening. The mystic dance of the Northern Lights still throbbed across the polar sky. Amber, rose, violet, and opalescent hues shimmered in tenuous veils and interchanged their lights over the broad heavens. Splendid sabers glittered, glinted, and cleft the night. Flags of flame waved in the firmament with a sound of swishing silk. Fanlike rays with wondrous sheen shot tremulously and ceaselessly towards the Pole.

"It is the most astonishing display I ever saw," whispered the Artist, "but have any of you noticed how that rocky point stands out against the lights. I never realized the terminal spur was so high and sharp."

"That terminal spur you are looking at," replied the Ranger, " is Waboosons."

The Medicine Pouch

The Medicine Pouch

"Do you mean to tell me that you have come to believe in dreams, mascots, hoodoos, second sight and all that stuff?" exclaimed the Tenderfoot. He was somewhat vexed by the trend of the argument and by the absence of tea. Waboosons had predicted the loss of something that day, through a mysterious intuition, and it turned out to be tea.

"Well, no, not exactly that," I replied, throwing a stick of wood on the fire, as I sat down. "Yet you must admit the occurrence of things are unexplainable, things curious enough in themselves to inspire the feeling that some uncanny influence is at work. Otherwise how could they appear just at the proper moment to swing one off to good or evil. There is your 'koosey-oonek,' as you call it, that for hours or days makes everything go contrary. You have such days and so do I. Then there are times when you couldn't miss a shot if you tried. You know that too even if you don't believe in dreams and fetishes. Dreams, I suppose, are simply memories imperfectly developed through the action of a few inco-ordinate faculties, or possibly fulfillments of wishes repressed by day; but that in no way explains the appearance in dreams of signs or objects that one has never seen. Neither does it show how one can see in imagination things he never knew of. Now here is Waboosons.

He believes implicitly in dreams and omens and once in a while they come true. If your sceptic attitude is not too valuable to be disturbed," I carped, "I might tell you the queer story of the Pinjigossan, or the Medicine Pouch, of Old Waboos."

"Go ahead," laughed the Tenderfoot, "and I will reserve my opinion."

"As you please, only there are but three possibilities of solution: accident, belief in the supernatural, or an intellectual tour de force. Take your choice.

"Well, on a day much like this several years ago we were paddling down the North Shore toward the Pinguisibi. The reef fishing had been fairly successful and I got to talking with Waboosons about fishing and trapping as a means of livelihood. He told me that the previous winter had been one of great suffering for the Indians. Many had starved, and Waboosons, himself, had met with his full share of misfortune. Very few animals got into the traps and some of these were stolen and eaten by that devil of the woods, the wolverine. Traps were lost, broken or frozen in, repeatedly. You would say the koosey-oonek was at work. Anyhow it was a miserable time wherein only wolves seemed to find sustenance. Night after night, Waboosons had lain in his tepee and listened to the crashing brush, the panting moose, and the howling pack as the hunt swept by like a storm to the ever tragic end. Not infrequently, also, the quarry was pulled down so near that the feasting wolves could be heard all through the night as they fought and snarled and gorged. Yes, it had been a hard winter, and Waboosons was convinced that evil spirits were leagued against him. He looked back with longing to that memor-

able season with Old Waboos with all its peace and abundance.

"Hoping to draw out something, I taunted him with the remark that I had heard Waboos was the best hunter in this district if not on the whole shore of Superior.

"The boy drew himself up proudly, 'Waboos good man, heem have good medicine, traps always full—Waboos my uncle.'

"Are there no hunters now just as good"? I nagged.

" 'Waboos great chief, no hunters now, just company men.'

"That stopped the conversation and we paddled on in silence till we came to the little cove opposite Nanabozho Island where we purposed to pass the night. The camp was set and supper eaten. Waboosons moved around in a lethargy quite unusual. Something worried him. Darkness fell and the Indian asked if he might use one of the canoes. I nodded and at the same time inquired curiously:

'What have you mind, Waboosons?'

" 'Miniss—island,' " he pointed.

"I understood. Nanabozho Island is one of the shrines of the Ojibwas and under it the mythical hero, Hiawatha or Nanabozho, is buried. Therefore no Indian can pass it without laying a propitiatory offering of tobacco on its sacred rocks. Thus is the spirit appeased and his powerful interest secured.

"Waboosons departed on his pious errand while I stretched out in the warm flow of a friendship fire. Idly watching and idly dreaming, the Genius of the Place got strong hold of me, and my fancies gradually took a philosophical tendency. I speculated on the strength of traditions

and the universal incumbency of religious feeling. From dreams to fetish worship, from human sacrifice before images of wood or stone to the adoration of abstractions, the belief in some mysterious potency of Nature is everywhere recognized as an urgent actuality. I listened for Waboosons, but he did not appear. Finally I felt sleepy and went to bed.

"The next day a strong west wind brought such a turbulence of wave and surf that we could not venture forth. Lake Superior is a capricious mistress whose moods shift and change with surprising facility, and it behooves those who travel in frail canoes to keep alert and close to the shore. The Indians have responded to generations of association and those who dwell by the big arbitrary lake are more temperamental than the men of the plains.

"I was curious about Waboosons' experience and so when the camp duties were finished I asked casually:

" 'What time did you get in, Waboosons?'

" 'Stay all night,' he replied with strange detachment.

"The eager intensity of his shimmering eyes aroused my interest and I asked:

'What happened, Waboosons?'

'See Waboos.'

'You did?' and I looked at him straightly, knowing the old man had been dead several years. 'How was that?'

" 'Heem come.'

" 'O, yes, you dreamed.'

" 'Kawin, heem come,'

" 'So, what was he like?'

" 'Heem come like maskiki-inini, like medicine man heem come.'

"A vision of the stern old man rose before me. He was wearing his official head dress of eagle feathers, his ghost shirt of fringed deer skin and his Medicine Pouch of priceless otter. Then I recalled the necessitous state of Waboos during his later years, as well as the fact that there was nothing in the little cabin where the body was found and, thinking of the Medicine Pouch, I became inquisitive.

" 'By the way, Waboosons, when your uncle died where did he leave his Pingigosson,—did anyone ever find it?'

" 'No, heem have it las' night and give it to me.'

" 'He gave it to you?'

" 'Ah, hah, heem tell me where to find it.'

" 'He did? Well it really belongs to you and you ought to get it. It would be a wonderful thing to have when the hunting is poor.' Waboosons was too deeply serious to suspect my pleasantry and he answered promptly:

" 'Heem show me where.'

"My blood began to warm up and flow faster and I got Waboosons to relate what had happened in clear detail. It came out that the boy had made his offering as usual, and after a moment had seated himself nearby. A period of deep and melancholy reflection upon his misfortunes followed. He was truly despondent. In the midst of this depression a silver canoe sailed over the lapping waters and glided soundlessly through the moonshine to the shore. Out of it stepped Old Waboos. He wore the full regalia of a mystery man and carried in his hand the sacred Medicine Pouch. Advancing directly to Waboosons, he informed him fully about his bad luck. He told him of the malign influence of bad Manitous that hung over him and declared it was necessary to appease these little spirits of the woods

and hills, the Puk-wudgies, for they had sharpened the eyes of the animals with their medicine so they could see the traps.

" 'How can I fix him?' inquired Waboosons.

" 'My Pingigossan, my Medicine Pouch, is yours; take it, make friends with the wicked spirits, and so lead our people that the dreadful buckaday, the famine, shall not come again. You will find the Pingigossan here,' and as he spoke he wrote on the ground like this, △ **'99;** and like the shape of mist he faded away.

To reason with Waboosons was obviously futile and, besides, I didn't want to. I began to share his belief. The influence of his adventure was strong upon him and its reality was definite. He had drawn out the cabalistic signs for me with great distinctness in the wet sand, but he could make nothing of them. In the Cree Syllabic, which is generally used in the North country, the signs spelt—*akakan*—a bad dirty place or possibly charcoal. It was not either exactly, but might be. Also it might be something entirely different or again nothing. Still it was a clue to work on and mildly exciting.

" 'Do you know any such place, Waboosons?'

" 'One winter we trap near bad place, mebbe that one, mebbe not.'

"He described a sunken lake of liquid mud covered with an inch or so of water. A paddle could be pushed full length into the soup-like mess without touching bottom, but bubbles of foul gas would rise, 'from evil spirits,' he said, and all around the shore the trees and underbrush had been nibbled and rubbed by animals till the bareness and the desolation made a true purgatorial pool. His description

reminded me of a summit lake between two hills where we portaged from the Pinguisibi to the next river south, and after some discussion we decided this might be the spot Waboos had meant. It was a paradise for trappers and quite accessible, for the dry bed of its little outlet made an excellent trail to the top of the hill.

"The whole party became interested in the quest of Waboosons and, laying aside our own plans, temporarily we joined in his.

" 'Mebbe find heem, mebbe not,' was his only comment when I told him of our desire to aid.

"The next day was fair, and with steady paddling we reached the mouth of the Pinguisibi. The usual lure of the river was wanting. The murmuring invitation to linger at this point or that, was ineffective in the presence of our dream-inspired purpose. The strange loveliness of the far-brought current had been lost in the fascination of the psychic problem. So we disregarded the delectable plea of the running water and pursued our equally elusive but more human quest. Forcing our way through the amber surge, amid cool green glooms of fragrance and around birch-fringed rapids, we found ourselves at twilight in the commodious camp above the 'Cold Spring Portage.'

"It was an unusual day's work, but we did even better the next day, for, rivaling the eagerness of Waboosons himself, in another evening we reached the gully that marked the lower end of the dry creek bed. It was impossible not to smile, inwardly at least, as we thought of the extravagant output of energy evoked by a mere dream, for it could be nothing else, yet in fondness for Waboosons we suffered no delay, and the following dawn saw us making ready to start.

"Ordinarily we found the portage to the top of the hill both long and hard, but with no burden except our lunch we easily reached the summit lake before noon. If those marks were to be read as a bad place then Dante himself need go no further. Animal skulls and skeletons cumbered the earth. Gaseous vapors rose from the thick water and offensive mists sweated out of the treacherous bog. All the adjacent vegetation had been killed or eaten by moose or nourishment failing, it had added its phosphorescent decay to the slimy ooze which dank ferns and thick mosses strove in vain to fasten to the uncertain shore. An ill-omened raven, the primeval minister of solitude, called from the limb of a blasted pine, but otherwise we bathed in a dismal soaking silence that depressed our spirits, while it encouraged us to hope. Yet we were disappointed. Nothing around this scene of desolation furnished any support to our theory. There was no hiding place, no safe refuge for any thing, much less the sacred Medicine Pouch. Nevertheless Waboosons circled the shore and inspected attentively every tree and projecting rock of that miserable slough which held out any promise. It was in vain, and we retreated, beaten, to a small glade under spreading bough and leaning branch, where beside a trickling brook, we took our lunch, seated on the aromatic needles of the pine. Amid a wealth of scarlet partridge berries, we brightened up a little, and yet it was in a very chastened mood that we returned to the river.

We pushed on up stream. Waboosons was gloomy and absent-minded. All his exuberance as a fresh young animal was gone. He lost himself in long silences while his eyes glowed with a deep inward light.

We came after a time to the portage trail leading to Waboos' Lake and here a discussion arose. Should we go over to the lake now, or make the trip on our return from the headwaters of the river as usual? As the interchange of opinion progressed, I suddenly thought of Waboosons and asked him to choose. "Saghegan," he decided unhesitatingly, and over to the lake we went.

The trail is a shadow-crossed avenue that climbs among crinkled cedars and tall straight firs until it reaches the maple forest. The general trend is upward, so the expedition moved slowly and we paused now and then to feel the agitation of small presences and the sharp beady eyes that were considering critically our heavy progress,—so foreign and portentous to the wood-folk. From the hard won crest of a hill, the lake burst upon our expectant sight and brought the usual thrill of admiration as it lay like a silver amulet on the bosom of the forest. After the first exultation we swept down the flank of the mountain and entered into close spiritual communion with this cloistered religeuse.

Lovingly the days went by and in that enchanted atmosphere, heavy with forest fragrance, the dream was all but forgotten—except by Waboosons.

The trivial duties of a permanent camp are quickly performed and in the intervals of idleness Waboosons would spend hours on rocky point or shingly beach staring into the mysterious amplitude of the hills with the steady inscrutable eyes of the great cats. His mind was as tense as a bowstring, but I was content to leave the riddle to him. It was his riddle and he stood the best chance of solving it. Yet nothing happened until a few days before our return to the river. Waboosons, deeply immersed in his problem,

was hardly conscious of our existence. Then, suddenly, he took a canoe and was gone. Morning came and he had not returned. I became uneasy and asked the other Indians what had happened to him.

"He go over there," one replied, pointing vaguely down the lake.

"Did he take anything to eat?"

"Kawin Midgin"—nothing to eat.

The situation began to clear. Waboosons had gone to fast on what we called Manitou Hill. It was his favorite recourse in times of stress. I wondered what he was doing and hoped in an irritated way that our return might not be delayed. I was both curious and annoyed. Then suddenly I was seized with an irresistible desire to visit the site of our first camp. In that unforgettable year when we had first discovered the lake we had pitched our tents on the stony floor of the forest directly across the water. I had never returned to the place, for it was undesirable as a camp except in an emergency. There was no reason for going now, but it seemed imperative to do so just the same. I felt as if something was going to happen and, jumping into a canoe, I paddled purposefully over the lake and landed. It was beautiful of course but oh, how stony! In the years since our occupation, the underbrush had grown over and up until the marks of our intrusion were nearly obliterated.

I sat on a log and my mind went back over the many incidents and adventures that bound us in affectionate filiation to the haunts of old Waboos. In the midst of these reflections a slight sound disturbed me. Instantly I was alert. A deer, I thought, or possibly a bear. I turned my head. It was neither. Our lost Indian was hurrying down

the shore in the deep cut groove of the moose trail. He walked like a somnambulist, but as he came nearer I discovered by his eyes that he was not dreaming. Neither were his the eyes of a mystic in high exaltation but rather those of a man whose mind was concentrated upon some great design with every atom of his body contributing to its accomplishment. Restraining my first natural impulse to speak, I watched him in silence. He passed me without a word, went to the gigantic birch which had formed the magnetic center of our first camp and placed his hand upon it. I moved around to where I could see better and then gasped, for there on the blazed trunk were the eagerly sought symbols—△'99. I had cut them there myself in a foolish moment to signalize the year we had found the lake.

More curious things were to follow, for Waboosons, with hardly a pause, turned squarely to the right and began to climb the densely forested slope. Whether or not he knew of my presence I don't know; at all events it made no difference to him. I fell in behind him in bewilderment. Was it chance, purpose, or foreknowledge that governed his course? As I scrambled after him I began to perceive, here and there, the faint markings of an old trail. We mounted in diagonals long but always steep till we came to a narrow ridge between two chasms. The trail now became plainer and in fifty or sixty yards, crossed a small rivulet and debouched on a level grass-grown plateau. This level area, two or three acres in extent, lay at the foot of a sheer cliff hundreds of feet high, which completely shut away the northern winds. In my swift survey of the topography, I recognized the ideal conditions for a winter camp, and a second glance showed me I was not alone in my

appreciation. In the midst of the level space and nearly hidden by a group of tall firs stood interlocking tepee poles, the skeleton of an old wigwam. Now I divined the importance of our discovery. We had approached the mysterious mountain sacristy of Old Waboos.

Breathless with excitement and exercise, I hoped now for a rest, but no—Waboosons was in no mood for delay and, passing his hands over his eyes as if to clear his vision, he went on. The trail from the creek led directly toward the face of the cliff. I looked up. It was a place where ravens and ospreys might nest and eagles might call at sunrise from its lofty summit, but no foothold or handhold offered itself for the convenience of man.

The trail stopped at the very foot of the escarpment, as if suddenly broken off. No further advance seemed possible. The talus was low and no knob or projection from the face of the cliff suggested it could be climbed. If such aids had existed previously, they had been removed by lightning or frost and yet—why did the trail lead up to the very foot of the cliff and then cease? Waboosons also was perplexed. He darted hither and yon like a quartering dog. Finally he stood still and gazed long and searchingly at the high wall. Next he swarmed up a tall spruce which sprang from the talus, swung off from one of the high limbs to a narrow shelf of rock on the side of the cliff, and creeping gingerly from one precarious support to another, he climbed ever higher until he finally disappeared. I remained below, voluble with vexation and disappointment.

Confused by the suddenness of his action, I stood irresolute for a moment and then hurried back to the old

tepee poles, from which I could see clear to the top. Waboosons was not visible. Yet even as I scanned the wall he came into view, apparently from some hole or crypt behind a huge shoulder of rock. An eagle's aerie perhaps. I felt convinced of it when the Indian began throwing down armful after armful of sticks. Again he vanished and quickly reappeared with a bundle and, after satisfying himself that all was clear, that also came down. It crashed into the tree top and Waboosons undertook the descent. I watched his perilous progress for a few moments, but curiosity was stronger than anxiety and I hastened to find the package which some way made me think it was the thing we sought. The sticks were scattered everywhere and inspection showed the ends to be cut and fashioned with a knife or axe instead of being picked at random by a bird of prey. The bundle was hard to get at for it had caught in a fork of the tree, and I had just rescued it in my clumsy way when Waboosons arrived. His old natural exuberance had come back and, though still perspiring from his strenuous exercise, he danced and whirled on his toes and laughed and gurgled like the true faun that he was. His eyes sparkled with triumph.

"Mikan, the trail, I find heem," he exulted.

We were not certain, of course, about the contents of the bundle, but it surely seemed as if the Indian had realized his dream. He took up the package, and we started back toward the tepee, where the inspection could be conducted more conveniently.

In the first open space we sat down impatiently to examine our treasure. Layer after layer of birch-bark was taken off; each coat being fastened with watap (spruce-root thread), and the seam sealed with spruce gum like a canoe. Under the last sheet were two wrappings of soft cedar, also sewed and sealed. These were removed and the beautiful skin of a black fox came into view. It was in perfect condition and worth its weight in gold, but not to Waboosons at this time. He gave it one swift glance and threw it aside. Another peel followed it, and then with an exclamation of delight the Indian seized at last the wonderful otter-skin medicine-pouch of Old Waboos.

The priceless furs were a fit setting for the priceless fetich they contained. There were two more skins under the Pingigossan but Waboosons had eyes only for the much desired medicine pouch, which he turned over and over with greedy hands. It was in fact a rare specimen. I had seen several though never one like this. Here was no tawdry ornamentation with modern beads and tinsel but rather row upon row of small iridescent shells, evidently of great antiquity and value, only the eye holes had been more recently decorated with a single circle of blue and white beads. I was not permitted to see the inside, but it doubtless contained those occult and cabalistic remedies which Waboosons declared "had the power to drive together all the animals of the earth."

"Mischichin," he sighed at last, "good medicine, make good hunting."

Then I tried to clear things up a bit.

"Have you ever been here before, Waboosons?"

"Kawin. Waboos here with squaw, me never. My wigwam on Pinguisibi."

"Why did you think Pingigossan was here?"

"I went to place of shadows on Hill of Spirit Birds and waited. When hill shadow eat my shadow, I know where to go."

It was very simple. He just travelled a little east of south and the problem was solved. However, when you know that Waboos died before the marks were put on the tree and that Waboosons himself had never seen them, you get a queer creepy feeling in your back whatever explanation you choose. Personally I don't try to explain it.

"Has it affected his luck?" inquired the Tenderfoot with an eye to the practical.

"He says he has not had a bad season since," I replied, "and this too while good hunters made a bare subsistance. But the adventure really had a more significant ending."

We made our last camp on the Shore where the fish tug was to meet us and from which Waboosons was to paddle the canoes down the lake to his village. As we clasped hands in farewell, it seemed to me that Waboosons had become unusually dignified and manly. He had grown older. I felt a new kind of restraint that made me wonder but as I turned away, my eyes fell upon his little camp fire. Then I understood. In an instant, as from the unfolding of a blossom, I saw in retrospect all the pre-

vious experiences of the Indian—their aim and their purpose.

Through doubts and fears, through struggles and painful conquests, Waboosons had cemented his personality and realized his life-long ambition. Both its course and its culmination stood revealed. His fire was the fire of Old Waboos in which the broad band of white ashes was cut, like the spokes of a wheel, by black charred and half consumed twigs, while in the center, like a strong and resolute eye, glowed the red and living embers. Waboosons had proudly assumed the final token of his leadership.

Dreams

Dreams

The mind of woman is a brooding place of dreams. By day reveries are welcome and cherished. It is a relief and a pleasure. In the absence of the twisting threads of wool, the brain, released but busy, spins out in dreams the varied hues of life and hope. The phantasms of the night are different. They are not invited, and yet when darkness falls, innumerable visions troop into unknowing brains without the desire of the host and indeed usually against it.

The night apparitions, for the most part, are innocent, filmy things that vaguely correlate the dimmed consciousness of repressed anxieties with the affairs of everyday life. But some there are, that seem to spring from the unsounded depths of existence and to connect by their tenuous filaments the known with the unknown. These are the voices from the wilderness crying across the waters, or, as some believe, they are elemental emotions freed from the trammels of the body and wandering on some purpose among the hazy hills of time.

Primitive people attach much importance to these visitations, and not unjustly, for the intimate association with Nature which their lives involve, keeps the mind sensitive to impressions not commonly felt elsewhere and holds all the faculties in a highly fluid and perceptive state. Under such conditions the senses have almost unlimited

power, for the nerves are merely antennæ, or feelers, prolonged much or little toward the Infinite.

This is true not alone in regard to Nature's lapse and flow but also in the relations of the people to one another. Thus Waboosons and Ninnemoosha were intuitively aware of the various happenings in their forest even when they occurred outside the field of their observation. Ninnemoosha was more than usually endowed with these instincts and presentiments. Much of this had been inherited possibly from the old Medicine Man, her father, but more plausibly it was a mental refinement or sharpening such as occurs when a sensitive nervous system has been intensified by life in an environment unstifled by analysis and reason. At all events she showed on occasion, not only a consciousness of affairs but even an uncanny divination of their approach.

A natural manner of life with simple excitations and the imminence of the vast unknown brought out and developed all the innate mysticism of Ninnemoosha and Waboosons without direction or restraint. It brought their souls also into such close and vibrant harmony that open speech between them was rarely necessary. A glance of the eye for instance told her that Waboosons was going up to the headwaters of the Batchewanna to bring in a moose he had killed several days before. Immediately she perceived in proper sequence every part of the journey from the start to the return.

A similar sign from Ninnemoosha let her husband understand that during his absence she would remain at their winter lodge on the Pinguisibi and cut up and smoke the meat already secured. Such intelligences are common

A North Shore Cove

power, for the [illegible] of feelers, prolonged much or [illegible] the infinite.

This is true [illegible] to Nature's tapee and flow but also [illegible] of the people to one another. Thus Waboosons and Ninnemoosha were intuitively aware of the [illegible] even when they [illegible] Ninnemoosha was [illegible] with [illegible] instincts and [illegible]. Much of this had been [illegible] from the old Mohawk Mari, her father, [illegible] a [illegible] when a [illegible] has been intensified by life in an environment [illegible] analysis and reason. At all events the [illegible] not only a consciousness of affairs but [illegible] divination of their approach.

A natural manner of life with simple excitations and the imminence of the vast unknown brought out and developed all the innate mysticism of Ninnemoosha and Waboosons without direction or restraint. It brought their souls also into such close and vibrant harmony that open speech between them was rarely necessary. A glance of the eye for instance told her that Waboosons was going up to the headwaters of the Batchewanna to bring in a mouse he had killed several days before. Immediately she perceived in proper sequence every part of the journey from the start to the return.

A similar sign from Ninnemoosha let her husband understand that during his absence she would remain at their winter lodge on the Pinguisibi and cut up and smoke the meat already secured. Such intelligences are common

and sufficient in sylvan or pastoral life and find their equivalent in the subtle warnings that shadow forth among animals a possible danger. It is a law for those creatures, over whom a tragedy always impends.

In accordance with such a signalled purpose, Waboosons took his gun, an axe, and a light pack and set forth at daybreak to perform this necessary task. Snow had fallen on the drooping firs, it clung to the wide spread cedars, and it buried the underbrush so deep that the Indian could slip rapidly along on his snowshoes without much concern for the road but yet all alert for signs that would aid his trapping. The afternoon had begun to wane as he neared the location of his cache. It was not difficult to find. Strong saplings, carefully fastened across the branches of four square-set trees, formed a platform about fifteen feet from the ground. Upon this the quartered remains of the moose had been placed. They were wrapped in the skin and covered with bark.

To Waboosons the cache had seemed unusually safe from interference and yet as he approached he saw the platform destroyed and the saplings scattered. The cache had been robbed. The snow had been beaten down and the surface strewn with fragments of meat, while a broad trail leading away from the spot showed that portions must have been dragged off rather than eaten. The footprints of the thief were everywhere in evidence. It was a bear.

The offense was recent, and thinking he might save such parts as Bruin had not had time to use, Waboosons dropped his pack, laid aside his axe and snowshoes and followed the trail of the thief. For a few hundred feet

it ran along the side of a mountain, then dropped down to a gully, and, wide as a tote road, crossed the frozen channel of a small stream and went along the opposite bank.

Now Waboosons knew very well that the animal was wintering in the vicinity, though at this time of year it was rare to encounter one out of his burrow. So he travelled cautiously and with his gun ready for instant use, though he was confident the full-fed beast would give way at his approach. But this was not to be. Climbing the bank of the creek, the Indian passed through some thick underbrush and advanced into a small clear space when he heard a savage snort and immediately in front of him was the bear in full charge.

Waboosons fired point blank and scored a palpable hit. It was a fatal wound, yet the light bullet was not sufficient to stop the furious onset. Before he could load, the bear was upon him. Thrusting the rifle barrel sideways into the open mouth, the Indian drew his knife and drove it to the hilt in the huge breast of his foe. It was his final effort. The next instant he was borne to the ground by the sheer weight of the animal. He felt the teeth crunch through his arm and the fierce claws rend the flesh of his thigh and without any particular feeling he was conscious that his chest was mauled. That was the end.

When he came to himself, the day was gone and a bright moon lighted the scene. The bear was dead. It was none too soon. The Indian's left arm and right leg had been badly torn. His left side hurt when he breathed. He was chilled and weak. Intuitively he looked about for

wolves. He groped for his knife, recovered it, and in slow desperation began to skin the bear. The animal was still a little warm but the process was tedious and painful. About half of it was detached when he was obliged to quit, for he could not move the carcass. The loose portion he cut free from the rest and afterward wiggled under it. This gave him relief from the cold. The next necessity was shelter. To find it he must reach some rocks which cropped out of the hillside further on. He pulled the skin over his shoulders, took the ends in his mouth, and after a few attempts managed to start forward. He would drag himself onward for a few inches and then pause for a moment's relief. Fortunately the bear had broken a good trail. Waboosons reached a small tributary of the creek through which some large animal had walked and crushed the ice. Here he rested and drank. He was much refreshed, but his wounds were cold and every time he moved he felt agonizing pains. He crawled on, weak and badly exhausted. He saw ahead of him the opening of the bear's den, and summoning all his strength for a final effort he drew himself to the mouth of the crypt. Into it he wiggled and let go.

Thus far the adventure of Waboosons was not unprecedented. Those who dwell in the forest are in constant war with their environment and many lose their lives. This was normally the end for Waboosons. Helpless, without food and no adequate shelter, his chance of survival was small. He had done his best, and now those mysterious influences which swing the balance toward life or death must decide.

What inanimate periods he had, or how often consciousness returned, he never knew. His waking moments

were no more coherent than the spells of insensibility. Throughout all ran a chaotic whirl of unregulated ideas and visions. He saw tiny points of light, like stars, or like fire-flies, that fluttered in and out or arched across his vision in shining bows. At times numberless hoops of fire spun swiftly amid ropes of glowing balls. Fantastic figures danced to the solemn sound of drums, or battlefields appeared strewn with broken spears and littered with distorted bodies—dead men marked with ghastly wounds. Hoarse voices called and flute-like pipings replied. Sleep flowers nodded and drooped while occasional huge billows rolled in out of utter darkness and obliterated everything.

He wakened and relapsed. His delirium came and went, but among the swarm of meaningless things, one image was fairly constant. It was Ninnemoosha. Whether on the twilight borders of a swoon or while struggling into the crypts of consciousness, the face of his wife always returned as a harbinger of hope.

At times she appeared with serene face and wistful eyes but mostly she was downcast and sad. Occasionally he saw her full figure; the face, strong and clean, framed with dark tresses, thick and braided, from which beaded water glistened and dripped in moonlight, while with wet, close-clinging garments she fled through vast aisles of forest. These visions became fewer and finally ceased altogether.

Meanwhile, Ninnemoosha, absorbed in her work, had seen two uneventful days go by. She felt no anxiety over her husband's absence nor alarm for his safety. But during the second evening after his departure she was aware of a vague uneasiness, and that night she dreamed. She

seemed to see Waboosons in battle. She saw him at the head of their tribe engaged in dreadful combat with strange hairy men. Clouds of arrows flew through the air, knives rose and fell with horrid frequency, as men strove fiercely breast to breast. Waboosons bolstered up the weak and led on the strong. He seemed to be everywhere at once, shouting his war-cry and leading on the warriors. At length in a brilliant and desperate assault, the enemy was scattered in headlong flight, but amid the shouts of wild triumphant joy she saw her husband struck down by an arrow which no one shot.

In her vision Ninnemoosha saw the hero carried to a little hillock and placed against a tree with his face to the battlefield. She saw his friends compose his limbs and lean his bow against his shoulder. Then one after another sang a death song and all moved about gathering up the spoil. They hung their trophies on spears and belts and at last, assembling under a leader she did not know, they started home.

Next Ninnemoosha saw a strange thing. The body of Waboosons seemed to shrink up to the size of a small boy, and a curious wreath-like thing appeared over his head. It was white in color, like mist tinged with blue, and it swayed about and expanded until its shape was obscurely human. It floated upward in the air, careened uncertainly for a moment or so and like a bit of cloud, followed the returning warriors. It mingled with the men and accommodated its movements to theirs. The shape would approach, meet, and sit with various ones but none was aware of its presence. Sometimes one would turn as if to speak and then with a guilty look he would resume

his occupation. The scenes shifted noiselessly, like the fall of an idle leaf on quiet water. As the dream continued she saw the warriors arrive in her village. The mist then left the men and trailed raggedly toward her own lodge. She saw herself bathed in tears, she heard her loud lamentations when the warriors described the gallant feats and the ultimate death of Waboosons.

She saw herself arise. The lamentations stopped and the tears ceased to flow. She passed through the ranks of the exulting victors and entered the darkening wood. With unfaltering steps she followed back the trail of the war party.

On one side the great lake beat upon a bare strand of hillocks, heaped high from ever shifting sand, and on the other stretched the forest—magnificent and interminable. Swiftly Ninnemoosha sped through the gray gloom of the pines and cedars and swiftly at her side, as she noticed with gratitude, travelled that wispy apparition. Night came and she spread a bed of hemlock under ancient boughs. The moon rose lingeringly and spilled a white flame unceasingly upon the billowy surface and into the sparse openings of the intricate forest. The silence was broken by an occasional wail of wind through the network of foliage; by the stirring of swift mysterious feet in the moonshine and the harsh call of the moose-bird as he leaned low from a pine branch and called to his mate, whose heart throbbed with interest a short flight away. In her vision Ninnemoosha reached out her arms in a murmuring appeal to Waboosons—and the misty wraith bent down and touched her with cold, moist lips.

Ninnemoosha awoke with a start. She arose and

peered out of the lodge. A great hill upheld the morning star, and a raven called hoarsely from the neighboring rocks. Carried away by the vividness of her dream and still sluggish from sleep, the girl seized a blanket and passed into the forest. She knew that Waboosons needed her, and she crooned a low song as she flitted like a ghost among the dark trees. Hour after hour slipped by. At times stealthy feet pattered through the forest at her side. Eyeballs blazed from shadows and brush broke at a distance. The day began in hard crystalline beauty, but she did not slacken her pace. Before noon she reached the rifled cache. Wolves had visited the place. Waboosons' pack had been torn asunder and the contents scattered. She picked up the axe and with a foreboding heart followed the trail of fate. She came upon the twisted gun and the wolf-stripped skeleton of the bear. With hopeful heart she noted the absence of another skeleton. She looked carefully about and with gathering comprehension she took up the dragging trail of Waboosons. As she approached the cave an eagle rose from a ledge and circled high in air, while a wolf sitting patiently in front of the dark entrance skulked off into the bush. She peered in at the opening, but at first saw only the darkness and the bristly skin of the bear. She called. There was no reply. Cautiously she extended her hand and touched the outspread skin, so flat, so large and happily so cold. She tried to lift it, but it had stiffened and was immovable. She passed her hand underneath the edge. There was Waboosons. He was warm. He breathed, but he was unconscious.

She next built a large fire and pulled Waboosons and his skin envelope out in front of it. She scraped frag-

ments of meat from the inside of the skin and boiled them in snow water. Soon she could feed him the broth from a small cup fashioned of bark.

Slowly his eyes opened and closed again in the blinding light. He opened them again and dimly saw the features of Ninnemoosha, who was winning back to his broken body the subtle spark of life. Was it part of his fantastic illusions or was it real? He tried bravely to rise, but could not. This sign of courage, however, brought the light of hope into the tired eyes of Ninnemoosha.

"Not yet, my husband," she cautioned; "wait till thy strength comes and then thou shalt get up and we will thank Kiniw, thy guardian spirit, the great war-eagle, who has hovered about and protected thee. Now thou must swallow the warm broth."

He knew the voice, he knew the hand. It was no longer then an elusive specter of his imagination.

"Kiniw, indeed, we must thank," he muttered after a time, "but most we must praise our Manitou who brought thee hither, for otherwise the great eagle had watched in vain."

He sighed in weariness and content and fell asleep before the warm fire. Over him lay the blanket and the robe of skin and close by in the quivering rapture of sun and wind sat Ninnemosha.

Her face was alight and her eyes glistened with the tender happiness of one whose faith has been justified.

Jiminedo

Jiminedo

In the twilight zone of the freight depot we met the canoe for the first time. She was swathed in burlap and swollen with excelsior, but as we looked her over with senses obscured by hope the vague effect was not unpleasant. Later we discovered that our gratification should have increased point by point the more she was hidden.

Our acquaintance with this canoe had not been intentional. It happened through a misadventure. Beginning thus it is not surprising that her brief career, always perilous to us, carried her with increasing swiftness from precariousness to tragedy. This relation therefore has only a slender human interest and concerns itself mostly with the perversity of inanimate materials when badly put together. The manner of it was this:

With seasonable foresight we ordered our canoes to the Canadian "Soo," but while we planned and prescribed like the provident ant, the winds of accident were preparing to descend. The means chosen was an elevator from which a careless workman allowed one of our boats to project so far that the bow was incontinently shorn off.

A hasty inspection of catalogs and advertisements followed, and in a moment of weakness and infelicity, wherein we were swayed by an assurance of immediate delivery, a new canoe was purchased. Here she was. In happy innocence we took her along. She was nameless of course, but we promised ourselves the pleasure of a christening when,

after the Indian custom, some marked characteristic or some memorable association should inspire it.

It turned out that the ceremony was not to be postponed tediously. The canoe quickly revealed the intricacies and the distortions of her unamiable disposition as well as structural faults. She was capricious and wayward, whimsical and wanton, and so unstable that if her wickedness had been more selfish and her faults more remunerative she might have been called temperamental.

From the moment she shed her exuviæ of burlap on the wild and romantic shore of Lake Pinguisibi she constantly inspired us with forebodings of evil, which only too often were nearly realized. Tawabinisay, the Indian, cut his finger in removing her wrapping, and this enhanced his dismay and premonition of misfortune as his expert eye ran swiftly over the exposed canoe. In place of the wide thwarts, swelling sides and broad bottom which mark the birch canoe and such factory-built boats as follow this model, boats designed for capacity rather than speed, the new canoe was narrow, meager, and miserably scrimped.

"Cheemaun kawin songan," said the Indian, shaking his head as he slipped her into the water. "She is not steady."

"What is the matter, Tawab?"

"Bad this way," he replied, bringing his hands together like a V.

There was no doubt of it; but queer as she certainly was, she had to serve and so we loaded her up.

Then Sam, the half-breed, held the stern with both hands while we clambered over the load to our station in the bow and knelt cautiously to the paddle. As for himself, instead of springing in as usual, like a cat from a fence, and

Tawab

after the Indian [illegible] marked characteristic or some memorable association should inspire it.

It turned out that the [illegible] was not to be postponed tediously. The [illegible] intricacies and the distortions of [illegible] as well as structural faults. [illegible] whimsical and [illegible] more [illegible] have been [illegible]

[illegible] in the [illegible] shore of [illegible] [illegible] were nearly realized. Tawabinsky, for Indian, [illegible] in removing his wrapping, and this enhanced his [illegible] and premonition of misfortune as his expert eye ran [illegible] over the exposed canoe. In place of the wide [illegible] sides and broad bottom which mark the birch canoe and such factory-built boats as follow this model, boats designed for capacity rather than speed, the new canoe was narrow, meager, and miserably scrimped.

"Cheemaun kawin songan," said the Indian, shaking his head as he slipped her into the water. "She is not steady."

"What is the matter, Tawab?"

"Bad this way," he replied, bringing his hands together like a V.

There was no doubt of it; but queer as she certainly was, she had to serve and so we loaded her up.

Then Sam, the half-breed, held the stern with both hands while we clambered over the load to our station in the bow and knelt cautiously to the paddle. As for himself, instead of springing in as usual, like a cat from a fence, and

Tawab

by the same act pushing off from the shore, Sam crept in gingerly and experimentally, and pushed off with one foot in the water.

A raven supervising the business from a dead tree nearby uttered occasional squawks of counsel and condemnation,—or was it derision? As the expedition got under way he took flight with an ill-natured croak that sounded like contempt, but, however deep his disapprobation, it was fully reciprocated.

We started down the lake, and Tawabinisay and Arethusa kept near in the fine broad-beamed old craft which had stood the test of many similar excursions. The men were visibly disturbed, and in their rapid conversation the word "sessika" was often repeated. It was a new word and instinctively we turned the syllables this way and that to find a meaning. But not for long. We were quickly reminded that our attention must be focussed entirely upon the canoe. Mental activity was dangerous. The psychologists tell us that we use only one lobe of the brain in thinking and, lest that one should become congested and overweight the side unduly, we tried to dwell on such nouns as poise, balance, equilibrium, and gyroscope. Such terms, we thought, should dilate both hemispheres equally and might, by a kind of sympathetic magic, bring repose to the canoe and her more or less provisional passengers.

Fortunately the lake was smooth and we crossed slowly, meticulously, but successfully. The canoes were pulled up. The camp was set and then that novel word was recalled. We asked the half-breed its meaning, but he had no English equivalent. In French, it meant *"imprévu." "Le canot c'est imprévu,"* he said; that is "unforeseen." So he, the canoe,

was liable to do the unexpected, we gathered. Very well, we should soon find out. We took the canoe in hand and led her along the beach to a shallow part of the bay, stripped, and fought her to a finish. The finish was ours. She developed new eccentricities and a wider intelligence of malice at every trial. We gave it up. She was wrong headed, "bad medicine," as Tawabinisay had already decided. Meanwhile the idea of a name had taken form, and when we got back to camp we began to investigate.

"Tawab, what is the Indian name for devil?"

"Chee-manedo."

"What is she-devil?"

"Chee-manedo."

"What is the worst kind of she-devil?"

"That Chee-manedo too."

It was enough. Then and there the canoe was dubbed "Chee-manedo," but the form of the word—already corrupted from matchi manitou—we quickly circled into the more fluent and irreverent Jiminedo.

Thenceforth we embarked, not with circumspection, for we dared not look around, but with all the wariness we possessed. We felt like Blondin attempting Niagara, and without his experience and confidence. The lading too was conducted with unusual care and discrimination. The less important duffel, and especially the stuff in water-proof bags, were apportioned to Jiminedo, while the rest, an overload, was crowded into the capacious bowels of Arethusa's canoe. The division was unfair, but it was a necessary precaution if we were to succeed, as we planned, in running down the Pinguisibi from its source to its mouth in Lake Superior.

We were not unwilling to travel hopefully, as Stevenson suggests, but we were extraordinarily anxious to arrive.

The next day was passed in curious expectancy. There was a portage of a mile, another lake, a portage, a couple of miles of river, a portage around a deep gorge, and a series of shallows over which the loaded canoes must be dragged. These obstacles made progress difficult, but also, with the absence of fish, they have sifted out the unworthy and protected the upper precincts of the stream from human invasion. Mindful of this we toiled along and were thankful. Meanwhile Jiminedo committed only minor indiscretions. Little devil affairs. Impish as it were. She traversed the portages upturned over the head of her driver, for a kind man is kind to his beast. Opportunities for intentional evil under such conditions were few indeed, but the canoe greedily improved what chances she had. There was no gratitude for favors bestowed. She succeeded in butting her nose into tree trunks apparently far out of range and occasionally in dropping her painter and twisting it so thoroughly around a convenient maple bush that Sam would have to lay her on the ground or lean her against a tree until he untangled the rope or cut the bush. When we passed the sweating half-breed at such times, we felt the air swept and churned by a sibilant storm of *"sapristis"* and other French mouthings, among which *"le canot maudit,"* was violently conspicuous.

In due time we came to trout waters and here, where good behavior is imperative, the perversities of Jiminedo became almost unbearable. She did the "sessika" thing on every occasion. Was there a likely looking place for trout in the shadow of the alders or near a big rock, Sam must

be warned to steady the canoe by jamming the paddle into the bottom while the fly was cast. Did a fish rise? It required all the half-breed's skill to keep the boat upright while he used the net. It is apparent that under these conditions angling quickly ceased to be a sport. It became a complicated affair which was practiced mostly for sustenance. Our Waltonian equanimity diminished daily and our temper became brittle and uncertain.

Despite all, however, we advanced and without serious mishap landed on the third day at Camp Mijinimunsing. This place was named after the most distant lake to which it is the gateway, but Lakes Nokomis and Lady Clare lie between and all can be visited and fished during an absence of six days from the river.

Taking eight days' rations, we stowed the remainder, with what baggage we could spare, into boxes, bales, and bags with casings of birch bark. We suspended a heavy wire loosely between two trees and on it tied our precious packages. Having thus guarded our stuff as best we could against rain, and especially against prowling animals, we took the other canoe and left Jiminedo inclined upon a birch tree with her nose firmly hooked into a convenient notch. Swinging up our packs and throwing kisses of mockery and derision at the marooned mutineer, we took the trail and loudly voiced our relief at being quit of the fickle jade who was everything by turns and nothing long. It was a natural but unchivalrous expression of feeling which brought presently its own rebuke. Who can say that inanimate things have no souls or sensibilities which may be hurt by slights or that they may not seethe with a spirit of retaliation? Look now upon Jiminedo's revenge.

Instead of six we spent seven days on the trip to the delectable lakes and returned to Camp Mijinimunsing with light packs and joyful hearts but alas, to what a scene of chaos! Either blown by an utterly improbable wind, dragged by a bear, or propelled by her own innate viciousness, Jiminedo lay bottom side up on the ground directly across the line of our carefully constructed cache. And further, by means of this ingenious assistance Old Bruin had been just tall enough to lay hold of a sack of flour. Part of this he had eaten, but the most, with thievish prodigality, he had scattered broadcast over the camp. In addition, as he balanced himself more or less successfully on the keel, his claws had cut long gashes in the canvas and in spots had gone clear through the cedar.

"Jiminedo, matchi maskiki," (bad medicine), said Tawab, judicially.

"Sessika," we responded glibly, in an effort to fix the new word.

The lost flour could be replaced partly by trout, except with the Indians who got it as a luxury, but the injuries to the canoe made us apprehensive, and it required all the next day to patch, sew, and glue the craft into a serviceable state. At the same time we invented several varieties of outriggers to correct her instability, but Jiminedo refused to be exorcised and after a few trials this hope was abandoned.

In the afternoon a fog came up from Lake Superior. It was not a wandering mountain mist but a cold, wet, felted shroud, like an Egyptian plague. Such a fog is more effectual in shutting out the landscape than black darkness and, with a sense of estrangement and excommunication, the spirit of the party fell away. To remedy this we built a huge friendship

fire and basked comfortably in its radiance. A fire in the woods is not alone for cooking, nor yet for bodily warmth, though it may serve for either or both upon occasion. In essence the woods-fire is a sacrifice to the Red Gods, and the fragrant smoke rising from the altar is thought to be a welcome incense to the grim inscrutable throne.

Before the woods-fire, life is a dream, a pleasant siesta or, possibly, a progress in which all ambitions are gratified. The wise man accepts these dreams with intuitive appreciation of their value. He enjoys them with only a gentle, transient belief in their realization. But through no woods-fire magic could we change the sinister disposition of Jiminedo, and we accepted her therefore as the allotted affliction of this particular expedition. The "koosey-oonek" had doled her out to us and we must carry on with what philosophy we had.

There is good fishing all the way from Camp Mijinimunsing to the Big Lake. As Father Walton says, "It is too good except for very honest men." Yet while we conceded our worthiness graciously, if not a shade too eagerly, nonetheless we found the collection of the reward beset with the usual impediment to righteousness. It was always difficult and sometimes impossible to fish from the canoe. Mostly we waded the shallows and cast into the pools from the edges. The large pools we did not attempt.

We portaged the Falls named for Arethusa and came to the "Long Rapids." This stretch of water is not only wild and picturesque, but the mad race down is a pleasure in anticipation, a joy to remember, and an ecstacy in performance. But now we had the outlaw canoe. After studying the height of the water the half-breed decided to take a chance with Jiminedo rather than make the irksome portage.

Also he decided to go alone and carry only enough baggage to balance the bow.

Tawab and Arethusa would run the rapids as usual, but heavy with the surplus from Jiminedo. Our own case had been prejudged. We must walk. So when the changes in loading were well under way we took our personal pack and started on over what we had named the "Leaping Water Portage." With mixed feelings we peered out from the trees and underbrush and saw Arethusa go tossing through the white foam with thrills of delight in her back and splashes of spray in her face. Shortly after came Sam and Jiminedo. The guide's face was anxious, but the canoe was behaving remarkably well, and between our teeth we denounced our exclusion as cruel and unnecessary. Enviously we hurried along to join the party, schooling ourselves to receive Arethusa's triumphant cries with at least an outward nonchalance. We arrived in time to see Tawab and Arethusa paddling about the Pool and picking up duffel bags which floated here and there upon the surface. The humiliated half-breed, in water up to his neck, was angrily pushing ashore the just righted canoe.

The irregular descent which forms the rapids stops suddenly and hurls the waters into a wide unhurried basin. At the very moment of entry, however, the flood meets with some deep insuperable obstruction which turns it swiftly athwart the channel almost at a right angle. Usually the canoes skim over this twist like swallows, and with slackening speed round up gracefully to the shore. But not so Jiminedo. It would be too conventional. Refusing to be steered, she tried to follow the current, and disaster ensued as it commonly does when perversity and depravity are combined

with an indifferent intelligence. Lowell has called the canoe and the gondola the felidæ of water craft on account of their stealthiness, but Jiminedo was also a cat in her facile and abundant treachery. At no time could we relax our vigilance, and ever upon our necks was the hot breath of approaching accident.

The incident at "Leaping Water Portage" passed however without material damage and, felicitating ourselves upon our own dryness, we reloaded the canoes and pushed on. Our equipoise, though delicate, became more instinctive and so successful that we ventured occasionally to study the changing shores. The beaver houses we had seen at intervals began to appear more frequently, and cheered us with their mute testimony to the isolation and neglect in our chosen wilderness. The gregariousness of the beaver, when he is not at work, is inoffensive and restful. This influence arises doubtless from his simplicity and lack of artificiality, but whatsoever the reason it does not exhaust the spirit, like gatherings of humanity. The beaver seems to blend with and become a part of what Kirkham calls "that indefinable reaction wherein we are diverted from the peculiar state of mind induced by man and his works." At that time this impressed us as a very pretty sentiment and we did not divine that our tolerance for the animal was due to his lack of perspective; a deficiency which in the course of twenty-four hours was to change our smug gratification into acrimony.

In the late afternoon we arrived at the "Camp of Rocks." It is a favorite tarrying place for Arethusa. Here the wooded hills drawn back from the river, whose waters tumble in amber frenzy over a wide rocky ledge and fill the air with terraces of song. In the pool above, ducks forage

about, beaver families frolic unhindered, and loons prate deliriously, while at the foot of the ledge large trout rise eagerly to every kind of fly.

The camp sets on the western shore in a small grove of birch and cedar. It is bordered by blueberry bushes and tapestried with aromatic shrubs on which geometrical spiders weave their accurate webs. Through this underbrush lights flow in the evening from mouldering roots, and we hear the murmur of the forest mingled sometimes with the scurryings of small, inquisitive feet.

In happy proximity to the tents is a generous plaza of bare rocks which gives the camp its name. Here one may sit or recline at leisure and look upon the mysterious panorama of the wilderness. From this opening we may see the sun rise in silver or set in crimson or gold. Through the utter purity of atmosphere the summer stars appear in their greatest glory and the "Dance of the Dead Men" gleams lambently round the pole. In the lingering Northern twilight we lift our eyes to the wild domed hills, silhouetted against the Canadian sky, and watch the pines in "priestly processional" defile along the steep ascents ever onward and upward. The view is stimulating. It inspires "cathedral thoughts." The breast swells and the spirits rise in a moment to join the marching monks on the hillside.

In leaving this camp an early start is necessary. Towards the north, much time is needed to reach the next convenient stopping place, not only on account of the distance but from adverse currents and the pleasant delays incident to fishing. Nevertheless the departure rarely occurs at the hour set unless the weather be foggy or threatening, for not otherwise

will Arethusa move until, facing the east like an ancient Sun-worshipper, she sees the day begin.

Going down river is different. We cannot fish, to be sure, for the route is tedious, exceptionally rough, and requires extraordinary attention. In compensation, however, no concession to the Sun-worshippers is demanded, since only one portage and a short stretch of water must be traversed before arriving at the Big Falls, from whose wide esplanades we can see the morning ceremonial just as well as from the "Camp of the Rocks."

The stars were still visible when the camp awakened, shook itself like a great dog, and gathered its forces for the start. We crossed a pool, made a portage, and arrived auspiciously at the landing place above the Big Falls while the sky was brightening. We climbed the bank, and Arethusa cried out in surprise and vexation. This bit of the forest had been fixed in mind by perennial associations as a grove of magnificent birches, cool, white, harmonious, while beyond the birches and even intermingling with them grew a myriad of slim aspens, all upright in gallant array like the spears around the pavillion of some barbaric chieftain. We called them "Tamurlane's Guard." Only a few of the birches remained and Tamurlane's Guard had gone in a body to join their great captain. The grove was a wreck and a desolation. In sheer wantoness, as it seemed, the beaver had felled every tree, and the dismembered torsos, lying unused and abandoned, had the deep pathos of a battle field. Arethusa's eyes filled with tears, for she was over fond of these forest friends. Then indignation conquered and she compared the beaver, to his disadvantage, with the common gray rat, and invoked the downfall and perdition of the entire

tribe through an open hunting season. He who listens with credulity to the praise of industry, or hears with approval the exaltation of zeal, should consider attentively the work of the beaver and note with concern the evils that arise when a common virtue operates unchecked.

Turning from the shambles we walked to the Falls, a few hundred feet away. To the south, between the hills, lay a long lovely hollow and through its shadowy depths the gorge of the Pinguisibi opened its clean-cut furrow. From a jutting rock the whole scene could be successively appreciated. To the west appear and disappear the two broad silvery bands of the cascade whose tumbling torrents glisten and glitter with jewels as they hang quivering like a lavallière on the stately brown bosom of the cliff.

Into the pool underneath, the tawny river leaps with wholesome lustiness as discs and bubbles of downy foam hurry away to the gorge. On all sides the hills rise to the balancing clouds and over the matted tree tops, shapeless mists drift up from dim mossy reservoirs to join their uneasy sisters.

Beams of light began to shoot athwart the ramparts as a questing eagle, poised in enchantment between the steel-blue heavens and the malachite earth, reflected from his wings and breast the sheen of approaching day. With a fascination unwearied by repetitions we saw the sun surge over the crests, while the filmy trees began to define and develop their marvelous details. Then with a sigh we took up our burdens and resumed our pursuit of inconsiderable things.

In the forest, life simplifies and diminishes. In the forest, one becomes a part, insignificant indeed, but none the less

a part of the vast silent forces that go on eternally. "The silence of the forest is not vacuity but reticence," the reticence of strength and mastery. In the forest, beyond the sound of life's spinning hub, our sensibilities are so awakened and intensified that the song of the white-throat is a notable event and the wild scream of the loon a memorable adventure. Strange it is however that while we feel keenly our fellowship with these elemental forces, yet heightened sensibility and even constant watchfulness are indispensable, since the apparent sympathy of the forest is but a mask, which, in the presence of weakness or inattention, may be exchanged in a moment for a face of stern oppression.

All meditation ceased when we reached the trail, for it takes a downward and disorderly course over a slope encumbered with trees and underbrush which grow from cracks, crevices, and chasms in and among the boulders forming the ground-work of the descent. The boulders themselves vary in size from a barrel to an eight-room house, and as we clambered from one to another we had no opportunity or desire to think of anything else. The transition was immediate from the freedom of the Falls to the tortuosities of a labyrinth; from a field of imagination and delight to one of toil; from the spacious vistas of Walhalla to the tricksy dens of the Nibelungs.

It was here that Jiminedo forfeited the last fragment of her self-respect and of our optimism. On a portage every variation in the equipment is a strong factor for good or evil and Jiminedo suddenly decided that she would not balance either longitudinally or laterally. No matter how carefully she was poised, her nose would jam on a rock in front or her stern would hook into a bush or depression be-

hind. This was bad enough but, when part way over, she caught Sam at a disadvantage in a peculiarly difficult place between two stones and threw him. He escaped with a few bruises, but his French profanity sizzled along the trail like an angry serpent. Tawab came to his aid, and between them Jiminedo, squeaking with ugliness, was lugged disgracefully down to the water. The greater part of the day was spent on this passage, but we were sustained and cheered by the memory of past performance and impending rewards.

Camp Kawagama lies a short distance beyond this portage. The site of the camp up to this time had been a small glade, carpeted with moose grass and environed on three sides by hemlock and spruce. It is remarkable as the only spot on the river where a tent can be set without first cutting out the trees. At the verge of the open space a crystal rivulet frolicked out of the twilit woods and hurried to the Pinguisibi in a shimmer of sunbeams and a glint of pebbles. The stream was the overflow of a spring that rises from some invisible Alpheus. It is all music, radiance, and joy, and beloved of Arethusa. Close to its edge we usually placed the tents. Tired but expectant we approached our haven only to meet with another annoyance, though one which in justice cannot be attributed to Jiminedo. It was the beaver again. Arethusa's enemy had taken possession. The beaver house was across the river, but at a loss seemingly for an occupation, or possibly as a practice in technic, they had dammed the sprightly brook and the entire camp site was under water. We looked upon their pond in disgust, and the conviction was expressed that the beaver would have dammed without mercy or stint the Rivers of Paradise. The idea being distantly comforting Arethusa expanded it into

the hope that they might speedily have a chance to exploit their damnable profession to the limit on Cocytus and Phlegethon. Incisive comment on this additional example of insensate industry restored our spirits, and forthwith by fierce ado of axe and arm we nibbled out a new home on the opposite shore.

It was now necessary to hold a council "while 'twixt trail and trail we choose." To the southwest, about two days' travel, lies Lake Superior. Only one of these days offers good fishing, but at its termination is Birch Camp and the Birch Camp Pool, and a journey of many days or of many miles is not too great a price to pay for a view of this entrancing spot or for the privilege of dropping a fly upon its foam-streaked fairway. Unhappily, to go from the mouth of Pinguisibi to the nearest depot where the fish tug makes its occasional call, requires two or three days of open lake canoe travel.

Almost due south on the other hand, and only four hours away, lies Lake Kawagama, where each and every trout weighs exactly a pound and a quarter and the fish rise at all seasons and all hours to any fly. From Kawagama again the southerly trail continues and behold at the end of another day the traveller is on the Agawa River, which now, alas! is not far from transportation.

Tawab declared it dangerous to attempt the Big Lake with Jiminedo. This argument, however, was unnecessary, since Arethusa had already settled our course in her own mind on sentimental grounds, for to her the Agawa was a joyful memory.

On the Agawa we had made our first North Shore encampment and to the Agawa we had returned year after

year, until that fateful season when Stewart Edward White visited the stream. Mr. White is a very interesting writer and his account of the fishing and scenery mingled realism and romance so vividly as to stir both the master and the neophyte. With conscious art he named no names, but the lure was irresistible and the discovery not difficult. In consequence we were met the next summer by serried ranks of outstretched arms as we came to land. The beach was so thickly populated that we were reminded of the throngs of the dead who pushed and shoved on the banks of the Styx when Vergil and Dante made their epochal crossing.

One camp was set through necessity, but that night we buried our Agawa hopes among the old cans and human refuse that littered the shore. At early dawn, ere yet the swarm of paper sportsmen had roused from that stupor in which alone they could find solitude and repose, we loaded our canoes and stole miserably away to seek a less crowded waterway. We coasted along the shore and in time landed at the mouth of the Pinguisibi. The desolate expanse of sand marked, only by the footprints of animals, gave the impression that travellers stopped there infrequently, if at all. This feeling became stronger when we climbed the steep and wearisome portage that leads to canoeable water back in the forest. Our interest grew as we investigated and before we left the neighborhood a blood friendship was formed. Summer after summer we returned and each time we discovered new attractions and additional delightful features until finally we were weaned from our earlier associations. Our annual visits had become a habit and the visions of the Agawa became gradually so vague that now we welcomed a plausible pretext to see it again.

Two events worthy of mention signalized our march to the river. The first was the meeting with "Old Ming," the three-toed wolf, whose tracks had circled and intermingled with ours for years. The consciousness of each others' presence, distinct though intermittent, had thus far led to a rather intimate acquaintance, though without advantage of an introduction. The confrontation had therefore a rich significance, but the story is told elsewhere and need not be repeated.

There followed the idyllic week beside the blue transparent waters of Kawagama, whose surface was doubled and deepened by the mighty reflections of cumuli, so happily adjusted as to simulate snow-capped mountains to which those in the foreground served as foothills. To be sure the clouds brought drenching rains, but these also foster and enrich and were not unwelcome. To find an adequate rival to this wonderful lake and her more stately sister to the north, Lake Nokomis, one must go back to the Adirondacks of the revolutionary era or possibly to Lakes Cayuga and Seneca of Cooper's time.

Moose appeared daily on different parts of the Kawagama shore, and beaver of course abounded. Indeed the energy and diligence this animal displayed along the outlet threatened soon to raise the level of the lake until the original trees were killed. The beaver seems to be an excellent example of the hypostasis of the instrument, for his nature finds its highest expression in activity rather than in accomplishment. The now embittered Arethusa proposed to diminish his mischievous toil by having the whole tribe unionized.

Our arrival at the Agawa was not at all dramatic, and

as we drove our stakes into the ground at the once familiar point opposite the Cold Spring and the Burnt Rock we felt the intervening years vanish like a single season.

The river embraced us with her old time graciousness. Moreover the deplorable popularity had disappeared. Only one man abode upon the meandering shore and he was four miles away. The waters had purged themselves of all but this unpurified remnant. Moreover the man had whipped the stream up and down with so little success, as he told us, that he was about to leave in disgust. We bade him Godspeed and inwardly prayed that, fish or no fish, we might spend our allotted time in solitude and in prophylactic idleness.

The next day our neighbor dropped into camp and begged us to sell him a canoe in which to go up the lake. The unholy delight with which we welcomed this appeal was reluctantly smothered by the dictates of humanity and good sportsmanship. We explained that the only canoe we could spare was unseaworthy and malicious. Whereupon the "remnant" looked us over for a moment suspiciously and raised his offer. He was that kind. If a canoe could serve us for several weeks why not him? We pointed out the dangers in vain. The more honest we were the more eagerness he displayed, and finally he was allowed to buy. Then in fear, apparently, that we might change our mind, he left at once, followed by his Indian and Jiminedo.

As they filed off into the forest we felt a strange commingling of comfort and apprehension, for to our cold appraisal, this remnant person was an impatient and irascible individual whose presence would give the fidgets to a scow, and Jiminedo was far from scow-like in disposition.

Our conscience and our temper, however, had been simultaneously appeased, and the camp now settled down to the repose and routine which permanency imparts. There were many things to be done, but of such a kind as to soothe the Puritan conscience without actually involving labor. Clothes were dried and mended, boots greased, blankets aired, fly books overhauled, and axes sharpened. There were trees to be cut and the trunks dragged into camp to serve first as seats and later as backlogs. Besides it was nearly always time to eat. These various duties were performed amid a deal of strangely important conversation and many rehearsals of river memories.

At intervals we swarmed over the old trails and fished the nearby pools, but without the old success. The weather was hot, the water warm, and the trout unwilling to move. The heat drove us frequently to the Spring which sends its icy tribute into the Burnt Rock Pool just at the angle where that massive mound deflects the river sharply from east to south. In this corner the waters collect for a final plunge into the whirling rapids beyond. In summer, this recess is shadowy and restful and the gurgling spring is its happiest and most prominent feature. The preeminence of the spring has been secured without difficulty and maintained without strife. But not so the neighbors. The trunks of the trees that grow along the bank are deeply scarred by flood-driven ice and the battle for a mere existence has evidently been fierce and prolonged. The nature of this warfare is most plainly seen at the edge of the Rock nearby, where two storm-twisted cedars bend their starved and battered stems over the Pool. Their roots gain no nourishment from any visible soil, but with knotty arms they cling

desperately to the sterile wall and disperse their esurient fingers everywhere in woven snarls and grotesque deformities. The effect is fantastic and uncanny, but the gnarled roots are also a convenience, since by their aid one can mount easily to the Rock or, having reached that slippery incline, they provide a firm support for the feet.

We have described this tangle of roots with boldness, but now we approach with diffidence and disquietude the incident in which it figured.

At noontime, two days after we had disposed of Jiminedo, we visited the Spring, drank copiously, and clambered up the Burnt Rock to inspect a blue heron's nest a few rods back. When we reached the safe footing of the roots we glanced inquiringly into the Pool after the manner of fishermen. Immediately we were struck by the peculiar appearance of the bottom, which was illuminated by the slant rays of the southerly sun. A close scrutiny revealed the cause. There were the trout. In a great triangle, whose point was formed by a single huge fish, the school extended backward, fin to fin and belly to sand, until some fifteen feet away the ranks, now ten feet wide, disappeared in the unlighted depths of the pool. The trouble with the fishing was easily accounted for. All the trout in the vicinity had been driven by the heat to cool their panting sides in that chilly inflow.

The staring supercilious old fellow at the apex was the largest brook trout we had ever seen, and behind him the sizes gradually diminished according to age, strength, and ferocity until, at the line of disappearance, the fish were apparently not more than ten inches long. It was a living carpet of trout, and heedless of the blue heron we hurried over to camp for our flies and rod.

Arethusa was sitting at the edge of the river, sheltered from the sun by the branches and broad fragrant leaves of a cedar tree, against the trunk of which she comfortably leaned. She was absorbed in Pater's Platonism and declined to be deeply stirred by our excited description of the fish. Evidently the experiment must be made single-handed, although Tawab's restlessness betrayed his anxiety to leave the cooking to the squaw, where of rights it belonged, and follow the fortunes of the hunter.

We crossed again to the Rock and, having assembled our gear, stood once more upon the cedar roots and peered into the Pool to dispel our involuntary scepticism. Yes, they were surely trout and—ye gods, what giants! Our ambition, naturally, was to hew down that supercilious monster who held the forefront of the array. As we gazed upon his bulk and his tantalizing sufficiency, a story came irrelevantly back to us from boyhood, and instantly we named that royal fish Agag, after the Amalekite King whom Saul smote and Samuel slew.

Not doubting our ability to repeat the triumph of the Jewish heroes we dropped a Dark Dun fly upon the water. No autumn leaf could have kissed the surface more gently; no bug or worm from jutting limb could have fallen more happily, but the Great Amalekite merely rolled up one eye in blasé incurious recognition. There was no break in the rhythm of those waving fins nor in the regularity of that pumping mouth. The fly was agitated seductively and withdrawn coquettishly in vain. After that one all-embracing glance Agag showed no interest.

A Montreal, Silver Doctor, Parmacheenee Belle, and Grizzly King met a similar reception. Millers, Hackles, and

"The river embraced us with its old time graciousness"

Arethusa was lying at the edge of the river, sheltered from the sun by the [illegible] and broad fragrant leaves of a cedar tree against the trunk of which she comfortably leaned. She was [illegible] in Plater's Platonism and declined to be deeply [illegible] in our [illegible] description of the fish. Evidently the [illegible] must be made single-handed, although Tawaddy [illegible] his anxiety to leave the [illegible] behinged, and [illegible]

We crossed again to the [illegible] and [illegible] assembled our gear, stood once more upon the [illegible] and [illegible] into the Pool to dispel our [illegible]. Yes, they were sorely [illegible] and—we [illegible]! Our ambition, naturally, was to new down [illegible] held the forefront of the army. As we gazed upon his bulk and his tantalizing sufficiency, a story came irrelevantly back to us from boyhood, and instantly we named that royal fish Agag, after the Amalekite King whom Saul smote and Samuel slew.

Not doubting our ability to repeat the triumph of the Jewish heroes we dropped a Dark Dun fly upon the water. No autumn leaf could have kissed the surface more gently; no bug or worm from jutting limb could have fallen more happily, but the Great Amalekite merely rolled up one eye in blasé incurious recognition. There was no break in the rhythm of those waving fins nor in the regularity of that pumping mouth. The fly was agitated seductively and withdrawn coquettishly in vain. After that one all-embracing glance Agag showed no interest.

A Montreal, Silver Doctor, Parmacheenee Belle, and Grizzly King met a similar reception. Millers, Hackles, and

"The river embraced us
with its old time graciousness"

Palmers, flies light and dark, were equally unattractive. Neither Agag himself, nor any member of his magnificent retinue, paid the least attention. He no longer vouchsafed even the roll of an eye. Our work was before us; and so we swept from our neck a veneer of black flies which had taken advantage of our preoccupation, wrapped the bleeding skin with a handkerchief, and settled down to a siege.

Two or three times we were tempted, yes, sorely tempted, to bait a hook with a grasshopper, or preferably with a pompous bumble bee, which invited destruction by buzzing around some fireweed on the Burnt Rock. By such a test we could quickly learn whether Agag's indifference was due to the heat, to lack of appetite, or to a shrewd suspicion of the fly. After playing with this idea for a moment we dismissed it with the conviction that if Agag's character and wisdom were too highly developed to be beguiled, he deserved to live, although his size could only result from a shamelessly protracted old age and from the negligence of a deity whose earthly vicar we aspired to be.

We skimmed over the fly book again. Ah, a McGinty! We inspected critically its fuzzy black body with transverse yellow stripes so like the bumble bee. It was almost humanly appetizing, and finally we tied it on with craft and with hope. Again we peered at Agag, longingly, appreciatively, and thoughtfully. He was lying exactly in the middle of the current where the cold water could wash both his broad sides equally. We wet the fly thoroughly and then "down went McGinty."

By inspiration and careful technic, the fly was placed just where the inflow from the Spring meets the river. It was caught up by that minature torrent and rolled jerkily

along the riffled sand toward the King of the Amalekites. Breathlessly we watched its progress and, scarcely trusting our eyes, saw it disappear, either between or under those mighty jaws—while yet in doubt the wrist turned automatically and lo! the hook was set.

An explosion, a maelstrom, a subaqueous tornado arose instantly. The reel whirled wildly as with one tremendous plunge Old Agag dashed straight across the stream for fifty yards until he shot out of the shallowing water so close to the side of Arethusa that he spattered the page of Plato with the spray of realism.

Arethusa raised her eyes and followed with growing interest a struggle in which the feeling for time, place, and entity was blotted out. The trout sounded with dogged irregular jerks. Under the spring of the rod he leaped into the air and shook his head savagely as he dropped back into the pool and darted hither and yon through its dark mysterious caverns. He fought desperately, yet minute by minute shortened his runs and yielded perforce to the unrelenting tension on his jaw. Slowly, wearily, but with spirit unbroken, Agag fronted fate.

The crisis of the affair came definitely upon us as the time for the net drew near. The battle had been joined in an unfavorable place and all these things had to be done by the Angler at the same time. The Rock must be descended to the sandpit in front of the Spring by clambering down the laddered roots with the aid of one hand while the other supported the doubled rod in such a way, with thumb on line, that not the least slack could give Agag his liberty. Breathing also must occur at intervals and the Tenth Legion on the other shore must be encouraged. Temporarily omitting this

latter duty we reached the sandpit successfully, filled our lungs, and cautiously took in the line. The maneuver developed favorably and Agag's great side of orange and red was fully exposed when we slipped the net under him.

When the capture was assured, we stood up and gave a shout of triumph which was strongly tinctured with relief. Tawab rolled back a sympathetic warcry and Arethusa turned to the Indian with a smile, "It is true Tawab, that there are more things in Heaven and Earth than are dreamed of in philosophy?" The Indian looked around. His beady eyes still gleamed with the excitement of battle. Dimly he sensed that something had been asked and a reply expected. He gave answer to the only question he could think appropriate, "Aha, mamma! I tink he weigh fi' pounds." And he did.

Lunch was served al fresco and, while we were eating and jubilating over our victory, a man called from across the river. It was the unpurified remnant and behind him came his Indian and over his head alas, was Jiminedo. It was a disquieting procession. We were pleased to see the man so unexpectedly alive, of course, but we had a presentiment of evil for the Gods do so contrive that misfortune ever treads upon the heels of joy. He told us how they had made a start and capsized a few rods from shore; lost some of their equipment, lost or spoiled a large part of their food, and nearly lost their lives. They were most unhappy. We took them in and fed them. Sorrowfully we returned the several pieces of silver. The restitution convinced us that while it might be more blessed to give than to receive, it was not nearly so agreeable. The transaction terminated,

but a sting was left which became a trifle less painful as their backs disappeared in the underbrush.

After lunch, with stomachs filled, we considered the case of Jiminedo. She was formally accused of evil possession. The evidence sustained the charge and in the absence of the Advocatus Diaboli there was no defense. She was adjudged guilty and according to well established legal precedents her destruction was decreed. By the same precedents she who lived by deviltry must die by fire.

We therefore collected birch bark and dry wood and made a pyramid on the highest point of the Burnt Rock, lighted it and, when the mass was well ignited, we dragged Jiminedo to the spot and turned her shamefully upside down over the flames. She was a dainty morsel. The canvas, cedar, and oil burned furiously. In a few moments the middle was consumed and leaning the ends over the fire we returned to the camp, where Arethusa was again immersed in the idealism of Plato as it appears when strained through the attenuating mesh of Pater.

For a time we sat upon a log as a kind of parquet seat, but it became too exacting for comfort and we sprawled out over the soft leaf mold amid the aromatic breathings of the forest. Bracing our back against the log we viewed with satisfaction the condign punishment of Jiminedo. We listened sympathetically to the white-throat who whistled jeeringly a requiem from the blue heron's tree, but most frequently we cast glances of content, not unmixed with anticipation, at the Spring Brook corner of the Pool. The day had been wonderful in its curious oscillations between excitement and repose, but as a whole our experiences had been grateful as well as "sessika." Supper would be the

closing event, and while awaiting its approach we sank down deeply and serenely. Even Jiminedo was soon forgotten. A gentle murmur rose from the rapids. The peace of the hills fell and enveloped us. We dreamed dreams in which we saw innumerable horizons appear and disappear, new or recurrent, but remote, elusive, and ill-defined. Past, present, and future drift fitfully by. The law of the herd seems again to prevail and again the rivalry and strife for herd dominance seems unremitting. Time after time we float into the foreground of the unreal as an ancient Jewish hero. We are differently accoutered to be sure, but with all the ambition, zeal, and sanctified cupidity of the Patriarchs, we discomfit the Amalekites, the Amalekites of the Agawa.

Survivals

Survivals

Does civilization change human nature or does it merely obscure with social amenities and educational arabesques, those qualities, dominant or recessive, which have always characterized our poor struggling forward-seeking human race? The question had been argued at the club, and several times during our trip across Lake Superior, the idea had come back as we looked upon the hardy figure of our new associate, purfled and bedight with every garniture of modern sportsmanship. It returned again with a sudden subjectivity as we stood in the after gangway of the fish tug and peered through the summer night in a vain effort to make out those darker shadows which the captain said was the North Shore.

As the boat turned slowly landward the approach of day was heralded by a great star which hung gloriously over our heads like a lantern, preternaturally bright. A bell sounded. The propeller stopped while momentum alone carried us smoothly and silently along in luminous darkness. A sandy beach lay somewhere beyond, and we shivered with cold as we leaned out and eagerly awaited the signal to drop overside. The word came, and we let go in blind credulity, praying that the canoe might receive us in the swaying blackness underneath. It did. The fish tug throbbed away, and we drove our burdened shallops through the subtle radiance of starlit waves.

Somber sierras of spruce and pine loomed up ahead,

vaguely assuring us of a landing place; but we were seeking the mouth of the Pinguisibi and she does not yield her lips to every rambling wayfarer. Frequently shifted and always modestly screened by sand, it was only after several disappointments that we discovered a narrow gap in the bar through which we slid to the tranquil waters of the terminal lagoon.

In our enterprise this maneuver was simply a beginning, since we worshipped at the shrine of the Big Lake only transiently. It was a dereliction of temperament rather than of fervor. Some there be who visit the North Shore in Mackinac boats. These, the true believers, find an irresistible charm in stealing along the lake's edge by day and fishing the cavernous reefs for mighty trout, while at night, or indeed for many nights, if their capricious mistress so elects, they camp on some snug indentation of that romantic shore. Others, who are less seasoned in the faith or less stable of stomach, seek a congenial opening in the forest and burn incense from a permanent altar.

To us, however, the gleam and glitter, the uncertainties and even the grandeur of the wonderful lake are not at all times agreeable, while the routine of a stationary camp is irksome. So we gypsy forth on tributary streams in canoes and rest or travel as purpose or caprice may inspire. One river after another we had brought to trial and for some reason abandoned. Yet persevere we must. Our interest in the country was insatiable and apparently there was no other way to make its acquaintance. Beyond the margins of the lake the maps showed only meager imperfect tracings, while in actual travel we had never encountered more than one of two time-worn survey lines. Everywhere was wilderness

and everywhere was solitude. Especially was this true of the Pinguisibi, which was a virgin river.

The unknown is a constant challenge, and season after season we had carried our tents farther and occupied them longer on that delectable waterway. The very spot where we now landed and camped had been the scene of many earnest discussions, not theosophical or political, but such near and burning questions as whether the river was canoeable above the Big Falls or was only a series of shallows. Were there trout in those fabulous upper waters or did they fail as in some of the neighboring streams? Where did the river rise and were there alternate or subsidiary canoe routes? In these matters our ignorance was importunate, but most urgent was it to know whether the creek that drained the Lake of Old Waboos entered the river above or below the Falls. If we could make certain of this stream it meant, in all probability, that we could cut a shorter trail to the favorite haunt of the dead chief.

None of the Indians had any knowledge of the river, except as in our company, they had travelled up and down to examine in regular succession the contributing creeks. Only one of these now remained unexplored south of the Big Falls which, on account of a pervasive beauty and an abundance of fish in the lower waters, we had never passed. The streams we had ascended all rose in swamps or small ponds or drained at most some nearby hills. None communicated with the peerless lake. This much we knew, and little by little craving for the beyond—the *"au-de-la,"*— had infected the blood. Our present trip, therefore, had been planned in hope of identifying the outlet of Waboos' Lake and making a new trail if it were feasible. After that, time per-

mitting, we purposed to run the Pinguisibi to its source, or at least as far as it was navigable.

The preliminaries were arranged and with one companion and two French-Indian canoemen the expedition set forth. Our companion was not only robust in frame, but self-willed. He had the reticence that belongs to a "poker face" together with a quaint, though saturnine, humor and quiet personal charm. He had professed much enthusiasm at the prospect of our geographical adventure and, while it was his first trip into the Canadian wilds, yet with some previous discipline in forest travel he promised to become an ideal associate.

In the forest, however, there is never a time when everything is just right. Under chafe of harness, too, all affectations cease and unrealities disappear. Then the day's work ends and the night wind sweeps in with plangent doleful sound. It wails along the hillsides and prowls among the thickets. It tosses the branches of maple and birch, loosens the leaves and shatters human masks. All social defenses are stripped away and the veritable soul of man stands forth, unashamed of its nakedness and unembarrassed for its deformities. Elemental forces are everywhere released. Everywhere they hint at poignant confrontals, so the night wind in the forest becomes an illuminating test of character and conduct.

In some degree surely, our actions are prompted by individual experience and the deferences to association and caste; yet are they not, as a rule, initiated if not sustained by the echoes of a paleolithic past? Whatsoever the enterprise, if it deeply concerns us, behold how quickly our inclinations are

"We were seeking the mouth of the Pinguisibi"

nutting, we purposed to run the Pinguisibi to its source, or at least as far as it was navigable.

The preliminaries were arranged and with one companion and two French-Indian canoemen the expedition set forth. Our companion was not only robust in frame, but self-willed. He had the reverence that belongs to a "poker face" together with a quaint, though [illegible], humor and quiet personal charm. He had [illegible] much enthusiasm at the prospect of our geographical [illegible] and, while it was his first trip into the Canadian [illegible], yet with some previous discipline in forest travel he proved to become an ideal associate.

In the forest, however, there is never a time when everything is just right. Under chafe of harness, too, all affectations cease and unrealities disappear. Then the day's work ends and the night wind sweeps in with plangent doleful sound. It wails along the hillsides and prowls among the thickets. It tosses the branches of maple and birch, loosens the leaves and shatters human masks. All social defenses are stripped away and the veritable soul of man stands forth, unashamed of its nakedness and unembarrassed for its deformities. Elemental forces are everywhere released. Everywhere they hint at poignant confrontals, so the night wind in the forest becomes an illuminating test of character and conduct.

In some degree surely, our actions are prompted by individual experience and the deferences to association and caste; yet are they not, as a rule, initiated if not sustained by the echoes of a paleolithic past? Whatsoever the enterprise, if it deeply concerns us, behold how quickly our inclinations are

"We were seeking the mouth of the Pinguisibi"

seized upon and administered by some ancient urge, new quickened.

Certain incidents of our excursion may not be impertinent to this theme, since by one of those unlooked-for conjunctions in the small affairs of earth, we had assembled the features for a tableau in which the wrecks and remnants of various prehistoric conditions found a temporary attendance. The grouping was premeditated, the outcome unexpected.

In front is the Great Lake, lineal descendant of the Ice Age, who wears with saintly remoteness her cold misty halo of aboriginal myth and tradition. Upon her diminished shore are several mannikins obedient to a feeble resurgence of the fierce desires that lashed the soul of primitive man. Like him these moderns seek to extend their mental boundaries and hope, through Nature's wonderful evocations, to broaden their contacts with life and find that fit and congenial spot which satisfies their roseate dreams.

The lower animals, wandering here and there, recognize by instinct whether places be friendly or otherwise. This faculty, at one time universal among the brutes has become through disuse a mere vestige in their human conquerors. Philosophers call it the sixth sense, but in importance it may well be the first. During the susceptible youth of the race it peopled each pool and tree with a special tutelary spirit or genius which survives now in a mysterious subconscious feeling of occupancy or of a hovering presence. The genius of a place makes us aware of a deep rooted affinity or a strong aversion to our environment. Subliminal impulse rather than conscious reasoning makes us react differently to impinging stimuli. In this way Lake Kawagama becomes friendly, benignant, and restful, while Wildcat Lake seems

immature, unsymmetrical, and lawless. In like manner Nokomis is invested with dignity and majesty, while Lady Clare Lake appears as a gem of hard but brilliant and perfectly fashioned beauty.

This investiture of localities, called Genius Loci by the Romans, results from a commingling of our desires and fears; of what we have with what we want. It is a psychological entity but subjective rather than objective and individual rather than collective. If, however, a solitary genius possesses each lake what a multitude of divinities must swarm along the river to enrich each bend and rapid, each pool and cascade, and especially each camp with a distinctive personality. How beneficent too and harmonious must be the purpose and effluence of these deities who spread over the entire stream an impalpable sense of hospitality and charm. Waning divinities doubtless, and mellowing with age like the river itself. For the river too, is only a survival of that demiurgic time when hills of fire upheaved and torrents of flame poured down, thickened into stone, and cooled. Accretion and erosion occurred and configuration began. Centuries drifted by, innumerable but significant, fruitful but incurious. The glacier carved its way ponderously through the endless undulations, brooded over them, melted, and left the deep-set line burnished bronze which we know and love as the Pinguisibi; a mighty petroglyph where living waters proudly flowed—and ebbed from age to age. Stupenduous in those beginnings, the waterway of the present has perhaps the same relation to its primitive sire as the modern dragon-fly to the pterodactyl. Yet even now the river stirs the imagination and quickens the heart. It is

an enclosure of the spirit, a complex woven from the warp of memory and the woof of inheritance.

The theater was altogether magnificent and the stage was set with Nature's splendid art. The play indeed was trite, microcosmic, but so is it ever, save on those rare occasions when the human ego rises to the sublime and flouts Olympus.

Most of us have an innate love for what is new, free and spontaneous, and as we pushed up the dark gliding river into the hidden heart of the Great Woods, we felt the elate expectancy of a pioneer. We were traveling on an unknown stream through an unknown forest to an unknown terminus, and this eventful consciousness enhanced the lurking strain of wildness which civilizing centuries closed behind us. Life's furtherance beckoned with rod of enchantment and immediately the deities of that esoteric region flung over us their kindly spell. We were captive though free and enchained without sensible fetters.

By happy coincidence the creek, as yet unexplored, is not far from the Falls at whose grim-visaged outposts we arrived in two days. The fairway ceases abruptly and the channel assumes the form of a deep, tortuous, and impassable canyon. At the upper end—or portal—of the canyon sits the Big Falls—a priestly seneschal whose dark rocky surplice is draped on either side by a stole of snowy water. The canyon itself evokes throughout a feeling of diminishment and melancholy, from the moan of the racked and buffeted current to the cloistered walls and pointed arches of spruce and balsam that almost roof it in. The genius of this place is a gloomy introspective spirit, morbid and medieval.

At the postern gate, however, the uniformity of the

scene changes as well as its tone. At this ultimate reach of the canyon, huge rocks lie couched in the river bed like a pack of hounds, but beyond these warders cheerfulness prevails. The channel widens and deepens. Dragon-flies dart from side to side or hang miraculously poised in the sunshine like glittering jewels. White throats whistle their rhythmic notes from swinging twigs. Birches nod and rustle amiably from green clad banks, while spruce trees lean gently down and toss their cones into the reprieved and resting stream. In this genial spot we set the tents. It was too far from the all-important creek to hear its tinkling laughter, yet near enough to see the place where it dances in among the river's blithe divinities. The first problem was before us.

Inspired by the imminence of our affairs we now reviewed in detail the previous expeditions and explained our ambitions for this one. The Companion said nothing but was apparently sympathetic. The men accepted the situation indifferently. It was all in the day's work. Bob was especially imperturbable. The woods had no thrills for him. He had been trained by the Hudson's Bay Company and acquired thereby an experience and stock of precepts and principles that regulated his life. In the same service he had injured his right eye until it remained forever bloodshot and a trifle askew. It was not much of a blemish, but it gave his countenance a truculence wholly unnatural in one so habitually kind and obliging. He occupies a bright place in memory as the real bulwark of the adventure. The camp was neither good nor bad, but simply opportune, yet it is signalized as the point where a series of absurd irritations began. In the high enthusiasm of our undertaking these

incidents gave us many disagreeable moments, but seen in retrospect they have a quasi-comedy aspect.

Here and now the Companion began to shed the trammeling husks of his civilization. After a quiet night he awakened with a grouch. He refused to join in the exploration of the creek and neither would he help the Indian "*cherche un portage*" around the Falls. No, he "preferred to stay in camp." We were puzzled and disappointed by this announcement, yet by all the laws of the greenwood his position was unassailable. In the greenwood everyone does what is right in his own eyes. So we left him to entertain himself, and beginning at the mouth we followed the creek for a couple of miles up a steep ascent until it brought us to a large pond, which from the presence of a swimming animal we named Beaver Lake. Now if our hypothesis was correct this sheet of water ought to be an expansion merely of the creek which drained Waboos' Lake. We must make sure. Circling the shore on an accommodating moose trail we came to a deep strong flowing inlet. So far our theory was sound. We studied the sky line and adjacent topography attentively, talked it over a bit, laid out our course for the next day, and turned back to the river.

The Companion was morose and uncommunicative. So much so that as soon as supper was eaten we retired and left him moping before the fire. In the morning, finding him still unresponsive, we returned to Beaver Lake, traced its wandering inlet along a narrow valley to a second reservoir, and having found once more the inflowing creek, we climbed a birch tree that grew from a small elevation near by. From the extreme upper branches we obtained a extensive view of the country and after careful inspection we were

convinced that the heights in the middle foreground bounded the waters of Waboos' Lake. This opinion was ultimately confirmed, and more than content with our good fortune we returned to camp by compass.

The Companion had spent the day nourishing his ill temper. Through persistent questioning we learned that he had fished for a time with fair success until it occurred to him that it was tiresome to catch trout so small as ten or twelve inches and, since in his opinion a fish larger than this was too coarse to eat, why fish at all? Why indeed? He went back to camp and put away his rod, which was not again unpacked during the trip.

As he passed sourly out of the tent, the rifle caught his eye and picking it up he strolled down river. He travelled a mile or so, partly by moose trail and partly along the river bed, and paused finally at a flat stone which rises to a convenient height out of marginal shallows. Here he seated himself with his mind adjusted to enjoy an afternoon of misery. At the point where, as we fancy, his troubles became pleasantly insupportable, a moose wandered leisurely up the channel feeding here and there on succulent weeds and lily roots. At last the Companion had a dog he could kick. With gun at shoulder and elbow resting on his crossed knees he watched the animal's slow approach. When the distance narrowed to thirty-five or forty yards he opened fire. The exploding shells made a terrific noise. The moose looked about curiously. There was no taint in the air and nothing moved hence there could be no danger. Apparently bewildered by the successive reports he continued to advance into the very teeth of the fusilade. The hammer clicked on the empty chamber. The magazine was exhausted and there

being nothing else to do the gun was lowered. In this movement for the first time the moose sensed a peril. With one bound he reached the shore, with the second he soared over the twenty foot bank and disappeared.

The Companion attributed his failure to imperfect cartridges. Bob's curiosity was so awakened that he made a tour of investigation over the war area. He returned finally with the dubious remark, *"il a été trop exalté."* As we construed it, after much trouble and skepticism, this was a Gallic euphemism for "buck fever." Still neither defective ammunition nor buck fever seemed to answer all the conditions. With a heightened interest we examined the gun. The mystery was solved. The sights were set for five hundred yards, as we had surmised. The grouch of course was greatly augmented by this mischance. That night the Companion began to sleep cold, though he was swathed in all his own clothes and most of ours.

To validate our woodcraft it would be necessary to visit Waboos' Lake and possibly cut out the trail, but our friend was so obviously unwilling that we felt obliged to postpone the demonstration. However, the verification seemed so easy that we broke camp without especial regret and took up the quest of the river's source. The trail began at the very site of the tent and led over the newly blazed portage around the Falls. Higher and higher we climbed over boulders, glacial debris, and prostrate trees, until finally we emerged on the upper levels and quiet water.

We now got our first comprehensive view of the valley. In order to grasp the scene more fully we clambered down to a clump of rocks which reared their arid backs out of the river near the brim of the Falls. The channel above

broadened spaciously into a deep pool, but contracted at our feet to a series of narrow irregular chutes. At the foot of the Falls the waters paused and gathered themselves for the mad race through the canyon, which lay at a sharp angle with the upper river. The lower pool was dotted with twinkling bubbles and iridescent spume through which an occasional trout leaped hungrily. Only two sides of the abyss were visible; craggy, brown, and glistening with spindrift. From them our eyes rose to the wide forested slopes of the hills where shapes of gossamer mist lurked spectrally. It was a vast ampitheater, with our waterfall in front as a miniature bit of stage scenery. Advancing beams of light shot down over the lofty eastern ridge and changed from foam and spray into a galaxy of brilliant palpitating stars. The spectacle was wild and spirit-stirring. Carried away by enthusiasm we turned to the Companion and cried:

"Ye gods, did you ever see anything more glorious?"

There is some doubt whether appreciation of beauty is a fundamental instinct or arises from slow evolution of the higher faculties. Whatever its pedigree, the Companion was "born lacking." If our emotion was impulsive, at least it was innocent, yet it drew upon us a look of supreme contempt. Our moody friend uttered a profane exclamation and spat, yes, spat acridly, explosively, into the hurrying stream, and walked away. We looked after him in amazement. What kind of an air-poisoning pessimist had we brought along? Well, to dissemble was to laugh, so we laughed; but at the moment, with an association of indefinite length before us, the situation was not altogether ludicrous.

Our joy in the landscape shriveled, and sitting on that bit of islanded rock amidst weaving and wimpling currents we

recalled the story of St. Dominic Lorica who, it is said, always carried a scourge with which he was wont to flagellate himself when other employments failed him. We also, it seemed, had our scourge with us, and we saw ample, if involuntary, opportunity to become a sky-blue saint. If the Companion had pictured the trip as one of tranquil meditation in some woodsy dingle where various portions of an untracked wilderness revolved before his censorious eye, it was quite probable that our vile pruriency for action and fresh adventure would grate intolerably upon his nerves. Still, he had been well informed and had no right to illusions as to the nature of the enterprise. At the same time our own illusions in regard to our prospective pleasures were undergoing revision, as we began to realize the trip might become a crucial test not of our woodcraft alone, but also of our patience and tact.

The canoes arrived and we embarked, made two small portages, and paddled hour after hour over a smooth fat-faced river. We felt as if the world had just been created and we were the first to travel through its delectable perfection. Exaltation mingled with serenity. The winds blew softly through the valley. The tops of the marching trees swayed rhythmically while the water gurgled a friendly welcome around the bows and paddles. The current bent in beautiful curves to meet the canoes. "The place where we had been vanished. The one we were in slipped away as we looked and the beneficent offing approached with open arms." It was all very wonderful, suggestive, and mystical.

The errant fancy of the Pinguisibi takes many shapes. All are beguiling, and our delight was prolonged till near noon, when we came to a wide ledge of Laurentian granite.

We dragged the canoes over this barricade with the deep roar of an unseen torrent in our ears. We pushed around a projecting cliff and behold! an abrupt high wall of rock, where woods and winds and waters meet and the river foams ceaselessly down.

Forgetting our recent experience, we commented jubilantly on the impressive and dramatic picture. Was our admiration excessive? Possibly. At all events it brought forth the materialistic and irrelevant information that "there was a lot of horse-power going to waste." The statement in itself was irreproachable. Moreover it was not especially objectionable and might indeed be badinage, but the surly tone added to the background of emotion excluded a jest, and carried an imputation of personal blame and turpitude that we strove in vain to account for. Among the multitude of our deliquencies we could select none that seemed worthy of that unexpected rebuke. At this time, however, we wasted but a moment in speculation. There would be full opportunity to consider our Companion in days to come and to learn perhaps what kind of a vulture was gnawing at his vitals.

Now we were well above the southerly trees and face to face with the great hills which sat down on every side, scrutinizing us like calm, thoughtful old men. In comparison with our immediate company these patriarchs seemed gracious, neighborly, and sympathetic. We received much comfort from their sober magnificence as well as from the eternal drama of wind and cloud. Nevertheless that last bitter draught still puckered the mouth. It seemed indeed as unremovable as it was unpleasant.

We prepared and ate lunch on the broad table of bare

rock which marks the head of these Falls. The scene comes vividly back. The Companion, disdaining a fork, seized a savory morsel of trout in his fingers, bit off a piece, swallowed it and hurled the rest into the river with an oath. Having shown in like manner his dissatisfaction with the bacon he stalked peevishly away. The trout, it seems, was underdone and the bacon a shade too crisp. With patience to inquire further we should have learned, perchance, that the potatoes had not been boiled by his mother's method, while the butter presumably was much too fresh.

Bob had been watching our affairs from day to day with increasing interest and comparing our amateur efforts with the standards acquired during his association with the Great Company. Now and then he dived into this well-filled repository like a squirrel and pulled out some graphic characterization. This time it was *"mangeur du lard,"* an epithet which may be translated colloquially as "tenderfoot." The Companion did not understand, in the French, this apt designation, but he felt vaguely the half-breed's disapproval and resented it henceforth in frequent criticism. Also from this on he found our daily fare unfit for human consumption. Our meals were eaten in an atmsophere of gloomy disparagement. He picked and chose and sulked and ostentatiously drew his belt tighter across his emaciating loins. He must have received food, however, either surreptitiously from our stock or from an unaccountably philanthropic raven, for while at the trip-end he had reduced his girth nine inches, yet in actual weight he had gained ten pounds.

One day we awakened to find the air filled with fog and fine rain. Usually the mist rises from the river about eight o'clock, but this was no home-bred playmate. We were

entertaining a guest from the Big Lake; a wilful, lawless guest, who settled in unceremoniously and enveloped river and forest in a thick soaking silence. The universal saturation furnished excuse, if any were needed, for not moving camp; but then, any pretext may be used to justify an action either predetermined or desirable. The moisture above, at all events, was not sufficient to keep us from fishing in the waters below. Angling hither and yon among the crypts and coverts of a promising pool we wondered idly what a trout thinks of the artificial fly. Then suddenly the word "tropism" came to mind. We chuckled aloud over the discovery and much of our irritation at the Companion vanished. It has been noted in philosophy that what we fail to understand, we either suspect, resent, or worship, but as soon as comprehension comes we not only utilize but enjoy it. We were entering apparently upon our enlightenment. "Tropism"' is the name given to that response which lower animals make to the stimuli of their environment. Tropism among protozoa, for instance, corresponds to the genius loci in the human species. Thus the Companion's complex became more intelligible. His tropism was adverse to the river. Technically he had a negative tropism. It was a survival which had come down to him in process of evolution from some surly ancestral volvox, a sea urchin, or possibly a cactus.

This philosophical correlation brought us great relief, and much of the time we spent together subsequently was passed in speculation upon the Companion's tropisms or in hunting down the vagaries of their origin. We could not, however, imagine any reason for his indifference to the river.

Notwithstanding our domestic embarrassments the expe-

dition was moving intermittently but definitely onward. In the higher waters various obstructions began to vex the current. It might be a jam of dead trees through which a passage must be chopped or the baggage and canoes carried around. Again it might be a steep little shallow down which the river rushes noisily. In this case a portage is sometime unavoidable, so a halt is made while we choose a route and cut out the meddlesome saplings and clutching underbrush. Every obstacle brought extra toil and delay, but on the other hand both log jams and shallows gave occasion for picking up a few trout from the deep pools below them. This procedure regularly aroused anxiety and alarm in the breast of a melancholy heron, a brother angler, who floated off on our arrival like a "a ragged fragment of bluish cloud." Unhappily the bird's instinct compelled him to retreat up stream so that his afflictions pursued him almost as tenaciously as ours clung to us.

One sundown found us hacking out a portage around a hopeless declivity where the river foamed and raved among the rocks in utter madness. We finished the work and pitched the tents as close as we might to the wild full song of the waters. The tops of the spruces stood up more and more darkly against the ice-blue sky, then faded gradually into twilight. A cow moose appeared in the stream a hundred yards below us and began to feed. Her ungainly figure was outlined in dense black on a background of steely water. It was an artistic finish to the picture, but we had only a minute to enjoy it. As we stepped back to call the Companion we heard a shot and recognized its instant significance. He had seen her first and, probably smarting under his previous dis-

comfiture, he had stolen quietly down the shore and killed the animal where she stood.

"We others," to use Bob's phrase, were greatly exasperated by this act. Ordinarily there is much comfort and satisfaction in having meat in camp, no matter who kills it. In this case, however, there was no thought of starvation, for that very morning we had selected out and cached nearly thirty pounds of food which we were persuaded we should not need if we got through, while we counted on picking it up again if we were forced back down the river. Knowing this, the Companion cut out the tongue only and left the carcass for the wolves.

He was much elated over this deed, although the victim was a cow and out of season, which added bad sportsmanship to wantonness. The men were not sympathetic, and Bob was especially resentful. His great hands interlocked ruefully and his bloodshot eye had a baleful glow as he muttered, *"V'la le cochon, v'la le cochon."*

Such an incident, though greatly disturbing, did not bring in its train the anxieties we felt in meeting a check or impediment in the march. Shallows or "bogwah" in Ojibwa, now became frequent, and the bends in the river more numerous and abrupt. The water writhed along between heavily wooded banks which were often low and marshy. Viewed from the channel, the hills appeared smaller, the valley wider. Evidently we were approaching the headwaters, but could we reach them? At times the river bed was almost bare. We came to an unusually long "bogwah" over which the men dragged the loaded canoes, while the adventurers walked, waded, and stumbled. The half-breeds raged at the river in Ojibwa, cursed their nativities in

French, and sweat blood and philosophy in English. The shallows seemed interminable. Ultimately they came to an end in a long gorge down which the tiniest of rivulets oozed and dribbled. Canoe travel was out of the question, while the paltry issue of the stream gave no promise of anything beyond. For the first time we despaired utterly of getting through, and camp was set in the dismal conviction that we should be forced to retrace our steps.

The next day we reconnoitered the country ahead and discovered that by cutting a portage across the curve of the channel we would come again upon navigable water which the head of the gorge dammed back. The portage as it happened was about a mile long and steep throughout. We took it in two stages, and as we sat near the foot of a high rocky slope, getting our breath and a moment's rest ere we surged up, Bob came back for his second load. Blinded with perspiration, he slid down and steamed unwittingly by us, muttering over and over,"*La rivière maudit, la rivière maudit.*"

Two days later we were again afloat on Bob's "cursed river" and moving steadily through walls of forest into the romantic unknown. The country changed in character from a mountainous acclivity interspersed with rivers to a plateau-like highland, covered with low hills, ridges, small creeks, and lakes—lakes of great beauty, but not marked on any map.

Again and again we halted to scout out the next day's march and ever we must cut portages from one piece of water to another. The axe would resound for a time and then silence—a silence found only in a northern forest at mid-day. But they were days of freedom and growth;

glorious days, where life seemed rich and purposeful; days of gracious communion with Nature, where even a thin and grudging spirit might feel something of expansion. But not so the Companion. In all this activity and philosophy he had small share and less interest. Either he followed through on a finished trail or remained rigorously at the starting point. Dejected, irritable and, as he believed, starving, he revelled in his wretchedness. Like Fearing in the Slough of Despond, he might be "a man of a choice spirit only he kept himself very low and that made his life burdensome to himself and troublesome to others."

For our part, when the atmosphere in our immediate vicinity became too dreary, our nerves too tense, or the prospect of an open quarrel too critical, we walked down to the "ampler ether and diviner air" of our river. The ionized brown water was a veritable Well of Renewal, and as we lifted it to our lips we meditated on the eons of its flow before and after the span of human existence. The weariness would disappear and peace drift softly in to enfold us.

Finally the way cleared and travel became easier. We passed a fair sized lake gradually filling with sedge and weeds, a tedious portage, a large pond, and a lift-over where the forest trees interwove their foliage over our heads. Came an extensive, irregular arm of deep still water, at the end of which suddenly a large lake opened out in millions of glittering wrinkles. We shouted in exultation, for we confidently believed it was the long-sought source. We made a rapid circuit of the fantastically indented shore. There was no inlet. No hills were visible beyond the secluded and silent borders, while the aneroid indicated our nearness to the "height of land." Surely we could not be mistaken.

Almost from sunrise we had been busy with paddle, axe, or portage. The work had been steady and exhausting, and as we dropped into a comfortable position after supper we breathed a loud sign of content. In the satisfaction of our accomplishment we began to plan a rest of several days, wherein, at our ease, we might make sure of our location, examine the piscatorial resources of the lake, and afterward travel leisurely back to Lake Superior.

Such a program was particularly suitable to our situation, but we were counting without our Companion and his tropisms. In the midst of our agreeable reflections he inquired:

"Are you sure this is the source lake?"

"O, yes, reasonably so, why?"

"How long would it take to get the fish tug from here?"

"You mean to go back down the river?"

"No, across the country."

We considered for a moment the great bend in the Lake Superior shore and our relation to it and replied unsuspiciously: "Well, if this camp is where we think it is, there is a lake known to map makers, lying nine or ten miles north of us. That lake should be as long as this one and much wider. It discharges, presumably, through a stream which may or may not be canoeable, into a large river which we ascended from the Big Lake seven years ago. If we can portage over to it and find favorable water beyond, we might reach the nearest part of the big bend in six days."

"That sounds good to me," growled the Companion, "if we start tomorrow we can make the shore in time for next week's boat."

The blow went home and for an instant we nearly choked

with disgust and indignation. The feeling changed to relief as we realized that we could unload our incubus in so short a time. It was a vote. We talked with Bob and finally offered him a canoe or a cash bonus for an extra effort to get us through.

It adds nothing to the theme to describe that nine-mile portage—or was it ninety—through unbroken forest. On this portion of the journey, in spite of his desire for haste, the Companion refused to be bothered by any pack but his own. The passage still remains as a hot spot in memory. Suffice it only that we got to the shore in five days. We waited a day for the fish tug but the men paddled off in the canoe which they received as a reward for their efforts, and with them went unobtrusively two of our tump lines for good measure.

Our first pilgrimage to the sources of the Pinguisibi was ended. We found the genii of the stream friendly and hospitable throughout. Whether the waters foam noisily over declivities, pour tumultuously through gorges, or drop from the edges of a precipitous wall; whether they extend in long reaches of sparkling peace, or lie under a cloudy sky, somber and still between evergreen boundaries; they satisfy all the yearnings of the soul. The Pinguisibi, even in its modern curtailment, is a stream no indolent person would ever choose to travel, yet the gleam of tents on the shore by day and the glory of camp fires by night testify to the recurrence of ancient associations. The hills, too, majestic though they be, are but islands left or builded by that mighty prehistoric sculptor; builded happily on a comprehensible scale which permits of intimacy and friendship. Thus survival is matched to survival and the sanctuary to the refugee.

After the party separated we did not again meet our friend for several months. Somehow it never seemed altogether convenient. Meanwhile we discovered that he had not been wholly responsible for his conduct. He had merely been exemplifying, in a small way, a physical condition of his ancestry. He had been thrown back to that era of savagery where any encroachment upon man's devotion to his food, or any slight derangement, or cæsura, in his love ecstacy would rouse him to fury. The Companion was emotionally distraught—a victim of the devastating but deciduous passion of love. Was it this, we wonder, or momentary release from tribal inhibitions, which made it impossible for us to recall any act of his that was altruistic? Was it the disquietudes of love perhaps during all those weeks which prevented him from betraying a single idea or emotion that would benefit anyone but himself?

Moreover, while his veneer of urbanity had been dissolved, we had yet to find the reason for his negative tropism. Was his feeling for the river the actual expression of his being or had his disposition been reversed by emotional absorption? We never certainly knew, although another bit of information helps to envision if not to understand his wanton perversity.

In the conversation of our first meeting we learned without surprise that the Companion had married, but also that our congratulations were misplaced since he had not wedded the object of his obsession. No, his tropism had suddenly swerved. He had followed the law of psychological necessity wherein violent but ill-founded reactions are soon turned aside or exhausted. But those violent, ill-founded reactions, what are they if not survivals? an out-thrusting

of claws that are usually concealed under the silken gauntlets of social law?

Thus we come back to our starting point and what do we conclude? Is the culture of this complacent civilization merely a film behind which our ambitions, desires, hatreds, and primitive passions dance in crepuscular unrest, seeking crevices of escape? Is it merely a glaze that covers the ever flaming conflict between man, variable and inconstant, and mankind, the immutable? Does human nature change, or are the brutalities, indispensable perhaps in the age of "pounded snails and raw meat," eternally beating at the curbs of convention? As to this, doubtless everyone has his own opinion; an opinion not to be modified by testimony great or small. Indeed our own belief is invincible and Bob's, if formulated, is surely bound in triple brass.

The Guardian of Gargantua

The Guardian of Gargantua

"There's a mysterious power, elemental, and unfriendly to settlement that watches the North Shore." It was Jack McPherson speaking. "You've been coming to Lake Superior for twenty years; have you ever seen it change except by Death or rarely a new face?"

"Why call it mysterious?" I demanded. "From my observation, I should say there was no incentive to settlement. The season is short: the soil shallow and hard for crops. The hills are high and unending while the watershed is so steep that lumbering is precarious. If it weren't for the fishing and trapping, no one would stay but the Indians, and not many of them."

"The hills are well timbered," argued Jack, "the rock is mineralized and the fishing is the best in the world. The fishing alone brings people to the Shore. Not many, truly, between Batchewanna Bay and Nepigon, and Death takes a heavy toll but others come. The men find a location and glean an existence, full of hardship, of course, and danger, but evidently satisfying in some way."

"They stay here too, Jack, partly because they lack means of escape and more because you've backed them."

"Oh, yes, I've helped them; the Company has helped them, but we find ourselves checked. Where copper is found, it gives out. Where gold is discovered, it doesn't

last. The iron ore fails. Our logs come down in the drive, or even without leave, burst the boom and scatter over the Big Lake, a total loss. Capital comes in and disappears while our ships, one after another, go down or ashore."

"Your recital bears me out, Jack, I think. The natural difficulties of this shore put exploitation for profit out of the question."

"No, quite the contrary. These mishaps prove to me that neither opportunity nor virility is lacking. Luck is against us, that's all. Chance lies forever in ambush amid the fogs of the Lake and the glooms of the forest. I say chance, but it is not chance. Chance is blind, undiscriminating, while our enemy is both alert and intelligent. Damnably intelligent, I'll say. I'm not superstitious, but I've seen some queer things up here. So have others. What happened to the captains of the Widler and the Lampton before their ships were lost? They don't tell. What drove Jim Hanley to drink after the wreck of the Telegram? It wasn't criticism, for he was exonerated and given a fine new ship."

"I never heard that anything peculiar occurred," I rejoined. "These men lost their ships naturally enough in the course of furious storms. They were accidents of the sea."

"All right, call it so. But what about Matt Moody when he came home with a boat load of fish and a wildness in his eyes that sent him to an asylum in a few weeks? Besides, look at those Lizards over there. Large beautiful islands and no better fishing anywhere than in the waters that swirl between them. You remember the Bishop from Chicago? He was crazy about those islands. Built a roomy cabin of logs on the Big Lizard and declared he would spend

a lifetime of summers there. Three were enough. What altered his plan?"

"I remember the Bishop's enthusiasm for the Lizards very well. It was almost painful and so too his joy in the life up here, but what of that, can't a man change his mind?"

"But why so suddenly? What could bring about such a revolution in a sober personage—a man in Holy Orders? For my part I believe the place was saturated with an influence he couldn't understand. Some ghost or Devil he felt unable to cope with."

I looked at McPherson attentively. His wide set eyes had their customary blue and kindly gleam. The skin around them, wrinkled from scanning horizons, gave them an added benignancy. The whites of the eyes were wind roughened like his massive face, and the lids had the little involuntary twitch that fishermen get from the glitter of waves, but his glance showed no sign of jest or trifling.

"Just what are you getting at, Jack?"

"I've been trying to tell you. You come up here every year as a transient, and nothing happens. The Bishop was starting something permanent. The lost ships were an aid to settlement. They brought men and supplies to the camps and fishing stations. The mines at Mamainse were in strong operation, and the miners contented. The men quit over night and never came back. At Coppermine point the same thing happened. Take the big Lake Superior Company. It was pledged to settlement, and you know the result. With all its millions, it went down over night. Now we hear that the iron fails in the Michipicoten mines. Are these all accidents? No, I say we have a mysterious power working against us."

"Well, admitting the point, Jack, who or what do you blame?"

"I can't really blame anybody—as yet. That's the trouble. My suspicions won't warrant it. The Indians say they have bad luck when they fail to lay offerings on Nanabozho Island at Gargantua to their tribal gods. But that's no excuse for a white man. That's not enough to explain for me the loss of the Widler, or the Telegram, or the Lampton with all her crew."

"You think it's something alien, Jack; some unnatural meddler or adversary?"

"Oh, it's natural all right, if you don't limit the meaning just to things we can explain. Then there's nothing unnatural anywhere. But what about the things we don't understand? I may be overly sensitive, but wrecks from storms out of season and strange mists on fair days make me wonder. I'll be seeing ghosts next—'boggarts' my father used to call them."

Here was a new light on McPherson. McPherson, the canny, good-natured, obliging Scotchman. That he had been caught like the rest of us by the intangible lure of the North Shore, I knew, but when and where he got this slant for the supernatural? His prominent nose and open countenance were not the features of a mystic nor did a life of hardship on the lakes incline one to spirituality. The mystics, too, are rarely sympathetic while Jack McPherson carried everybody's burdens. It was puzzling.

"How do you expect to meet these ghosts, Jack? Have you some means of incantation or will they come to you?"

"I've been thinking about that," he replied. "I've got

to work it out. The business draws me like a wheel of fortune. My son-in-law, too, is just as curious as I am."

"Your son-in-law? Is your daughter married?"

"Yes, last week, to Tom Martin, the supercargo, the tall light haired fellow. He's a fine chap, and next Spring we're going to put a fishing station on the Big Lizard. We're sure from the way the Bishop acted that the Lizards must be a kind of rendezvous. With Tom and the girl in the clergyman's cabin, we ought to learn what's going on and outwit or destroy the thing, whatever it is."

"Ah, hah, a declaration of war. Shall you live with the young folks?"

"I'll stick to the ships for a while yet, but I expect to be out there much of the time." He paused and sighed. Then apparently his feelings got the better of him, for he broke out passionately, "Look at me, for thirty-five years I've toiled along this shore and what's more I've loved it; loved it with a vast design and no thought of gain; loved it as a place where life is not confused by human crowds and cunning, and believe me, I don't want it to get so; yet, as time goes on, I feel the need of change, of a little ease. I grow old, and all around is strife. Every step a struggle and every trip a campaign. I want to fix something permanent so I can settle down. I belong on this shore. I've raised my family by the effort of common days in the shadow of these hills; shadows that darken but give us nonetheless our independence. My daughter has grown up here. We're a part of it."

A bell sounded and we both straightened up. McPherson drew a long breath. "Well, there's the signal. Your Indian will be holding the canoe for you. Goodby, and

good luck. If I miss you when you come down the river, be sure to look me up next year on the Big Lizard. Remember too what I say. Something works against us. It's too elusive to be human, and it's savage in its dealings—superhumanly so. I can tell you more about it the next time we meet."

I hurried down the companion way and slid over the side into the waiting canoe. We drifted apart and I turned to wave my hand to McPherson. He had not moved. I could see his hair pushing shaggily out from under his close-fitting cap; the projection being balanced on the opposite side by his silhouetted nose. We paddled slowly shoreward, but my mind still clung to McPherson and his novel flair for the occult. Was it age, weakness, or an emergence of character previously concealed?

Through hard work and hard sense, Jack had climbed up from a fish buyer in a small way to a general supervisor of the Company's entire business. It occurred to me now that he must personify the beliefs and ambitions of all the waifs and stragglers on that iron bound coast. No wonder he took to drink in occasional discouragement. He had no such visions as turn camel drivers into prophets or shepherds into saints. His visions were practical, but oh, how arduous! His generous shoulders were burdened with the hopes and fears of the thirty-five or forty white folks who dwelt in those grooves which occasionally broke the two hundred and fifty miles of sea girt cliffs. Menaced by the illimitable forest, these men push out upon the Lake and perish. Lashed by the fury of the sea, they seek refuge in the wilderness, but their feet clog in the matted leaves, and they don't return. The gaps are filled somehow, by wanderers,

The shore of the Big Lake

good luck. If I may you when you came down the river, he sure to look me up [illegible] on the Big Lizard. Remember the what I say—something works against us. It's too [illegible] to be [illegible] in its dealings—superhuman [illegible] I can tell you [illegible] it the next time we [illegible]."

I [illegible] down the [illegible] and slid over the [illegible] the waiting [illegible] and I turned [illegible] to [illegible]. He had not moved. I [illegible] the hair [illegible] under his close-[illegible] the projection [illegible] by his silhouetted nose. [illegible] still young to [illegible] the occult. Was it age [illegible] in an emergence of character previously concealed?

Through hard work and hard sense, Jack had climbed up from a fish buyer in a small way to a general supervisor of the Company's entire business. It occurred to me now that he must personify the beliefs and ambitions of all the waifs and stragglers on that iron bound coast. No wonder he took to drink in occasional discouragement. He had no such visions as turn camel drivers into prophets or shepherds into saints. His visions were practical, but oh, how arduous! His generous shoulders were burdened with the hopes and fears of the thirty-five or forty white folks who dwelt in those grooves which occasionally broke the two hundred and fifty miles of sea girt cliffs. Menaced by the illimitable forest, these men push out upon the Lake and perish. Lashed by the fury of the sea, they seek refuge in the wilderness, but their feet clog in the matted leaves, and they don't return. The gaps are filled somehow, by wanderers,

choosers, or fugitives; which, I don't know. Fishermen and forest runners cling here and there to elemental moorings with something of the uncivilized marked on all of them. On every side a prospect of endless and futile labor. A prodigality of effort and to what purpose? Even the children are prematurely old as with unsmiling eyes they pass winter after winter of snow and storm doing the work of men. When the gods choose, some of these atoms survive. They put off the end until they wield the axe or step the mast with arms stiff with age. Still they go forth breathing the large air as the sail bellies out or the snow shoe rasps the crusted hills. Then Death comes tacitly and blots them out. They disappear under a beating of the winds as an imperceptible wearing away of rock or a weathering of earth.

Jack had witnessed these tragic combats and taken part in them. Was his morale breaking under the strain? It might be and yet his theory was plausibly presented. My interest was deeply engaged while his determination to find proof stirred all my sympathies. The feeling, indeed, was not to be erased by time or distance. It was the call of infinite adventure, a chant of battle, and I was eager for further disclosures. But, as it turned out, I did not see McPherson when I left the woods, and the following summer a belated train and a number of vexatious incidents almost cost us the ship. In passing the locks, however, there was a fortunate delay which enabled us to get aboard and through fatigue we went immediately to bed.

We were late, of course, the next morning, and it was broad daylight when we rounded Agawa Point and raised the Lizards, five miles away on the port bow. From the

high deck forward, I looked across the rippled lake and breathed in with the sharp air an exhilarating sense of austere beauty and freedom. A thin line of smoke floated out from the edge of the Big Lizard. I suppose I made some exclamation, for I heard at my side a cheery response. It was Harry Fordyce, the Fire Warden. He had come to the Shore on a college vacation. Six years had passed and he was still under its spell. When our greetings were over, I turned again to the Lizards.

"Is that Jack McPherson's station over there?"

"No, it belongs to Tom Martin, his son-in-law. Didn't you hear about Jack? It was a queer business."

"How do you mean, queer? He unburdened himself quite freely last summer. A lot of curious fancies. I couldn't decide whether he had been drinking again or had gone in for the supernatural."

The Fire Warden shook his head reflectively. "No, McPherson quit drinking three years ago and as to the supernatural, that depends on how you look at things. Let me give you the story as it happened, for I was mixed up in the worst of it.

"First I heard that Jack's daughter was married to Tom Martin, and then that Jack was going to live with them out on the Big Lizard, though I didn't see why until later. The young folks fixed up the Bishop's shack and planned to move in this Spring. You left the woods, I think, late in August, and it must have been the next time the boat went north that I took passage for Michipicoten. It was to be my last inspection for the year. Jack, of course, was on board. He had a lot of rugs, dishes, furniture and fish nets for the Island. The occasion was pleasant. He was fond

of Tom and glad to have his daughter married, but just the same he was down hearted, almost grim. It bothered me to have him so serious, and I bantered him good naturedly, but he had no retort handy, which was not at all like Jack. He just looked at me with steady thoughtful eyes. I sort o' knew though what was amiss, for Jack had told me what he said to you. Now whether it's heredity or instinct, we all have streaks of superstition—some more and some less, and those with less laugh at the others just as I laughed at McPherson. Then something happened. A bit of other-world business came through and I got a new view point. It was a shock."

"You were never very impressionable, Harry."

"No, that's the funny part of it. Jack wasn't either for that matter until just lately. Let me tell you what occurred.

"We landed Jack's stuff on the Big Lizard and set out for Gargantua. The boat was late, as she had been all summer. I stood here by the rail and as the bow fell off a point on the Gargantua course I looked idly for Telegram Rock where Jim Hanley lost his ship. Running my eye along the coast, I picked up a small spot of fog, cloud or isolated drift of mist, close to the water. There was no wind. The Lake was smooth as glass. The sky bright and clear, too bright for fog and too clear to mistake that folding veil of vapor for anything but fog. I rubbed my eyes, gripped the rail and studied the thing earnestly, for light can play strange tricks at times. As I watched and puzzled, the spot of vapor enlarged, thickened and spread sensibly like oil on water. It not only grew in size, but apparently altered its outline as it moved over that windless sea, parallel with us and at about the same speed. I was so

absorbed that I jumped when somebody clutched my arm. It was Jack McPherson.

" 'Do you see it, Harry?' he whispered hoarsely.

I nodded. He was greatly excited, but holding on to himself. As I glanced at him I felt the impact of some secret horror.

" 'Can you make out any shape to it, Harry?'

"Partly to soothe him, I replied indifferently, 'Why no, nothing much,' and yet as I spoke, it did seem to take on a more or less definite conformation, and I continued, 'a little like a boat if anything.'

" 'Yes,' he muttered apprehensively, 'a boat, and what boat is it? Can you tell? Do you see a cabin and a figure at the wheel?'

"Again I studied the strange apparition and by this time a turret, a cabin if you please, did really project from the hull which was etched in misty grey against the dark rocks of the shore, but I couldn't distinguish anything like an enclosure or a human likeness. I shook my head dubiously.

" 'You must see it,' cried McPherson. 'It's unmistakable. The waving headdress like a medicine bonnet and the Indian face underneath. It's a Manitou.'

"I tried once more and almost concluded I could see a shadowy figure at the wheel when the whole fog like fabric seemed to pass directly into Telegram Rock and disappear.

" 'It's gone,' said McPherson. 'It always does that. Did you ever see a real fog pour into solid rock like that?'

" 'No," I answered, 'I never did. It's a mirage, don't you think?'

"Inwardly I felt that while the presence of that fog bank, under such conditions of weather, was in itself re-

markable, yet its endowment with shape and motion was even more astonishing, and Manitou or no Manitou, rather uncanny.

"McPherson, apparently, had some previous knowledge of it. He had not heard my question, but mumbled beside me unintelligibly. His eyelids were twitching nervously as I turned to him sharply with—

" 'What are you saying, Jack?'

" 'Harry, we are going to have trouble. I've seen that fog bank before, and each time disaster followed. We must keep alert. Another ship is doomed. I'm glad you caught that boat-like shape. I wish it had been plainer. When I run afoul of that cloud my mind seems to slip. No man in his senses can accept such a thing as real. It's incredible. This is the first time I ever saw the Manitou, but I get the impression it's me he's after. I must give way or fight.'

" 'Sounds like a delusion of persecution,' I interjected. There was a pause and Harry's eyes took on the strained look of a seaman who navigates unfamiliar waters.

" 'May be so,' he replied finally, 'I don't know anything about that.' I handed Jack my flask and it was on my tongue to inquire what he had seen at other times and where, when the mate came up and we had no further chance to talk.

"However the affair set me thinking. McPherson, so cool and practical! Who would suspect him of having a single cell in his brain which responded to signals from the superphysical. I was even more surprised at myself. It's extraordinarily easy to be wise and explain experiences which one has not himself observed, but here was a personal obligation. The problem threatened to become as engrossing to me as to Jack.

"Lake Superior, as you know, has always been a region of wonder and mystery. The place is saturated with legends and folk lore, but what had McPherson seen or heard? Why was he so disturbed? It's all right to hear things, but you must keep your balance. I myself remembered vague tales told at camp fires. Ghostly tales of Windigo and Loup-garou. Strange insubstantial things such as camp-fires inspire, but I never heard of a Windigo disguised as a fog which ultimately became a ship. Fog, of course, is fog, and has the inherent menace of darkness, but we had come upon a conscious, a prowling fog.

" 'You have never seen anything like it before, Harry?' I interrupted.

" 'Nothing that I could recall at first, but as the experience kept haunting me, I did one day, bring to mind an ill-defined, shifting impression—a glinting fleece of cloud which hovered unaccountably over Pancake Shoals shortly before the Widler went ashore there. It might be an illusion or a mere coincidence, but bewildering anyhow, and especially in light of later events'."

Well, the weeks went by. Other things crowded in; practical everyday affairs, and nothing really happened, so my ship of fog gradually took its place among the unexplainable occurrences of the wilderness.

Early in October I came through the woods to Gargantua for mail and supplies. I found the little hamlet in a state of great excitement which I promptly shared. Mrs. Medon, the wife of the light keeper, had seen the ghost ship. After several unsatisfactory versions, I learned the story from her. The woman, it seems, had gone out to the Light one afternoon to look for her husband, who was fish-

ing. From the end of the promontory she could see all parts of the Lake and Shore. Leveling her glass here and there, she suddenly caught a glimmer of white or gray on the horizon. She dismissed it as a cloud or wisp of fog. A few minutes later she saw it again, but much nearer and larger. Her attention became fixed, and her interest changed into excitement as, following the apparition with the glass she saw it take the form of a ship which sailed down toward the Lizards and disappeared. In brief she saw the same spectacle which Jack and I had seen at Telegram Rock. Moreover by means of her glass, Mrs. Medon had recognized a resemblance to one of the tugs.

"How about the Indian?" I inquired.

She said nothing about an Indian, or even a pilot house. Whether she saw more than she described, I don't know. I didn't ask her, for I suspected she had.

"Mrs. Medon is a full blooded Ojibwa, isn't she, Harry? May be she was reluctant to give any more details. Had Jack ever told her of his experience?"

"Yes, she's a full-blood all right, and an Indian can be close as wax when he wants to be. Jack had never talked with her. He told me so later. I didn't tell her anything either."

Speaking of Jack, I learned in the village that he had been censured by the management because he had made one of the captains lie to in Whitefish Bay till the fog lifted. It cost them the Chicago train, and the fish were three days late. You see the village had a lot to talk about.

McPherson's timidity in the fog and the reappearance of the ghost ship were curious and disquieting, but without more to go on, speculation was futile. If the vision was of

this world, an explanation would come in due time, while if it originated beyond the frontiers of our knowledge, one theory was as good as another. I couldn't figure what was brewing, but evidently the pot of predestination was boiling to some well defined purpose.

Returning to the woods, I finished my work late in November and came down to the Lake by canoe. My first camp was at the mouth of the Pinguisibi, and there, against my will, I remained for several days while the wind whistled down the Lake, over and between the Lizards, directly upon me.

During the evening of December 4th the wind dropped. The sea went down and long before daybreak I was paddling furiously northward. I wanted to reach Gargantua before the tug arrived which took the Lightkeeper back to the "Soo," but more than all I was anxious to escape the least bit of wind on that formidable lee shore.

It was still dark when I stopped for tea at Telegram Rock. With the ghost ship in mind I examined the little island carefully, but to no purpose. The horizons were bleak and empty. The mainland, however, impressed me more than ever with its menacing character. It's a truculent shore whose hospitality is the welcome of devouring jaws. It's a wonder more ships are not lost, for there is no port of refuge for many miles on each side of Gargantua. Did you ever see Gargantua in winter? It's fierce. Very different from the summer picture. To the south the whole shore is ridged with ice piled in ragged hills against the glistening haunches of the cliffs. Gargoyles of ice leer at you from dizzy heights, and huge black rocks thrust out

threateningly here and there. The shore chafes and groans under its burden.

I paddled as hard as I could without stopping again, and late in the afternoon I raised the Gargantua Light all silvered with snow and ice on its high promontory. Almost as high on the left of the Light I could make out the cavernous and wave worn islands which are called the Devil's Warehouse. As I swung slowly into the harbor I saw in the distance the shroud white hill of Pantagruel with long files of snow-trimmed fir trees climbing its sides, while right in my face was Nanabozho Island. This, you remember, is a sanctuary of the Ojibwas. From here Hiawatha bade farewell to his tribe and springing upward, left the imprint of his mighty foot upon the rock. The whole island is buried in winter under many feet of clean impacted snow.

The Indians believe the island is inhabited by spirits who "make medicine" and no orthodox Ojibwa will pass by without leaving a reverent offering of tobacco. They think we are a godless race and they are probably right, for the white man pays little or no attention to gods, even his own.

Paddling on into the hill-bound harbor, I marked a tiny thread of smoke rising from the grove of dwarf pines on the landward side of Nanabozho. Further along an Indian canoe was drawn up on the ice-rimmed margin and I passed near enough to recognize it as Old Kakagee's. Casually I wondered what a Michipicoten Indian could be doing at Gargantua so late in the season, but the incident slipped easily out of mind as I neared the village whose huts clung timorously to the sheltering side of the promontory.

I was gratified to learn here that the tug had not arrived but was expected daily. Navigation was soon to close

officially and lumber jacks, fishermen, landlookers, and miners, men who had dropped their lives into the melting pot, had all gathered in with the wastrels and fag ends of the shore to go down on the last trip with the Keeper of the Light.

Three days later the "Resolute" came in with Jack McPherson in command. He was the McPherson we knew of old—cheerful, energetic and resourceful. Tom Martin was with him and together they supervised the unloading of the tug and the packing of the supplies for a lumber camp up the river. Their work ended when the dog-teams started, but Jack chose to lay over for a couple of days on the chance that a man or two might come down from the mines at Camp Choya.

Finally Jack decided it was unwise to delay longer, and prepared to sail. The wind hauled round the W. N. W. during the night, and when morning came the sky hung low with dull sour looking clouds. A gale was on that scourged the Lake from end to end. Huge billows fled before it like herds of panic stricken hills. The waves washed thunderously against the cliffs or buried themselves with echoing booms in the caverns of the Devil's Warehouse. As the storm raged along the coast, it bore at times prodigious mantles of snow and again the air would be filled with needles of ice which cut like a sand blast. The wind rose and fell in tones of a mighty organ. It crashed down in overwhelming mass or it pealed forth in stately rhythm. It mourned for souls departed and wailed for deaths to come.

To leave the harbor in such weather was madness. Meanwhile, McPherson had heard Mrs. Medon's story and day by day, as the start was postponed, he lost his light

heartedness. He became fickle, irritable, and undeniably depressed. He gave me to understand that the blizzard was aimed directly at him. I told him he was foolish, though of course I knew the old belief that witches could raise the wind at will. From other things he said, I am certain this was on his mind notwithstanding his knowledge that the storm was not really extraordinary on Lake Superior at that season.

For four days we listened to the howl of the wind while Jack shuffled uneasily from one state of mind to another. He thought we should wait at least a week for the men from Cape Choya and my back being turned, he would tell some one we should go out at any price. Or, one minute no boat, howsoever seaworthy, could live in such a tempest, and the next we should start at once on account of scarcity of provisions. I never knew him to be so irresolute. At last I asked him point blank what he meant to do.

"Harry, I don't feel right," he replied, running his fingers nervously through his hair. "I don't seem to have any character left. I thought I had this business all figured out and twice, in Whitefish Bay, I made the Captain lie to till the fog lifted. The first time nothing happened, but I got a wigging from the chief for my pains, but on the last trip down we would 'ave hit a loaded ore boat in a minute more. Think of that now. The season over and every ship out of the locks but that one and ours and yet only through my cowardice we missed a collision. I'm sure the Old Boy had fixed to sink us. Now here we are with the ghost ship again and the worst storm of years tearing down the lake. I ought not to go out at all, but something pulls me. I've never been afraid of man or Devil but, frankly, these queer doings have

got on my nerves. Nothing to get hold of, mind you, yet my head swarms with anxieties and forebodings. The atmosphere feels heavy, threatening, disastrous. The elements are against us and something else back of the elements. I feel always that I'm watched or followed and the effect is—well, portentous."

I was considerably stirred myself by Jack's emotion, but one way and another, possibly just by making him talk, I got him cheered up. Morning came. The gale had moderated and the sea was subsiding, so we cast off. It was still snowing and the wet flakes pressed slantingly down with long, slender fingers.

As we rounded Nanabozho Island, Jack and I stood together on the fore deck. The south end of the island is somewhat flattened and here the snow swirled and coiled in elaborate masses. As we drew nearer I felt an uneasy sense of expectation and dread. The skin on my back tightened and crawled. At the same time, the snow flying wildly over the terraces seemed to gather and mold into a ghostly human form, not opaque exactly, but sharply outlined. Was this, too, an illusion, I wondered, woven not out of fog and mist but from snow crystals, or was it rather a wraith from that legend haunted island? I was stupid with amazement as I watched the curiously shifting figure. First it grew giant stature then, either because McPherson's conviction influenced me or through some echo of the previous apparition, I noted, without surprise, the evolution of Indian features. It was the Manitou again, an Indian face surrounded by the weird head dress of the Medicine Man, just as Jack had described it. I shivered and reached out for McPherson, only to meet his mittened hand half way. I grasped his

wrist and like two children we saw the figure, now huge and frosty, rise, sway tremulously and glide, not toward us, mark you, but away, which was against the wind. Wavy and uncertain, the white shape moved to the opposite edge of the island, then wheeled back with the wind in our direction. It rose higher, swerved nearer and turned upon us an ominous aspect, eyeless but observant. The next instant, the figure seemed to blend and thicken and, no longer wavy but rigid and purposeful, it began to draw off down the lake. It took our own course, slightly cross wind, and led forward till it vanished. Jack said it beckoned us, but I didn't see that.

We turned inquiringly to each other and I remember feeling the drum beat of Jack's pulse through his mitten. We looked around. The deck was clear. We were alone and yet I had an intuition that Old Kakagee had just slipped behind the wheelhouse. I also felt that a conjuration or some kind of bedevilment had been going on behind us only a moment before. However, plain men that we were, we couldn't doubt the crisis. Our work was cut out for us. I turned to McPherson. His shoulders were squared and his wide set eyes held the spark of battle. He had the face of one who meets his foe beyond the last defenses.

"Damn him!" he burst out. "We're face to face at last. There's hell to pay for sure but the ship is staunch. Let the Old Boy do his worst. I'll beat him if—if I cross the line to do it."

I surveyed the big sea-going tug and shared his confidence. She was deep set, strongly engined and ably manned. Surely she could ride out the fiercest storm. At all events, the issue was drawn. Then suddenly I felt a sinister mean-

ing in Jack's last remark and turned for a question, but he was gone. The phrase came back to me later.

From now on, things moved rapidly. The wind shifted to the west and blew a gale, while the thermometer dropped like lead. In fifteen minutes it registered 18 degrees below. As I took the reading, I glanced into the pilot house. This time I was not deceived. Old Kakagee was at the wheel. His hawk-like profile stood out black and strong against the starboard lights. For an instant I was gratified, for we must travel those storm-torn waters for many a league with huge frozen precipices on our lee and the old man knew the shore like his own cabin. I recalled with a start, however, Jack's vision of the Manitou at the wheel and paused—impelled to protest. Then my doubts disappeared as I heard Jack's cheery voice calling down for more steam.

We left the snug harbor and began to climb up and down the mountainous waves. The scene haunts me. The ship reels and wallows and shakes herself free like a water dog. The stern is either entirely under water or the screw races in the air like an electric fan. Smothering seas plunge down on us from behind and sweep the icy deck from rudder post to prow. The Lake spits at us viciously with gobbets of ice and balls of snow and water that freeze as they strike. The snow thickens. Frozen particles drive swiftly by in horizontal layers that curtain the view like gauze. Cloaked and veiled, we lunge onward under the full power of our engines. Leech Island whirls vaguely past on the starboard quarter and the fangs of Telegram Rock open and shut viciously for an instant as we thrust through the felt of snow toward the sheltering lee of the Lizards. We are confident of our sea room but seek on every side for landmarks. Few

appear. Yet on we go, conscious of nothing but the points of the compass, the fury of the storm, and the heavy fling of the ship. Down we lurch between two enormous waves—there's a crash. The ship has struck. The propeller blades are crunched off and the tug swings round into the trough of the sea. She strikes again and this time a jagged rock tears a great hole in her side. She stays upright, however, and we send a wireless for help. It's answered from the "Soo" just as the dynamo room is flooded and the apparatus made useless.

"Clear away the life-boat!" shouts McPherson. The craft is launched amid a pelt of wind and freezing spray. Eleven men climb in and I take charge. One place remains.

"Get in, Tom," cries McPherson. Tom hesitates.

"In with you," orders Jack. "It's me they're after. Be sure to carry on if I don't get through." They touch hands and Tom jumps. The tug heels over and nearly swamps us. The lifeboat is almost awash when someone flings us a bucket, and bailing madly, we slowly gather way.

Our party is now afloat and McPherson orders the second boat made ready. The men cut it loose but on the instant comes a sudden furious increase in the gale and with it a wave of prodigious height and volume overhangs the struggling group.

"Hold fast, for the love of God!" cries Jack, springing to aid. It's no use. The wave breaks. The boat is wrenched away and hurtles off in the wake of the wave. Old Kakagee and one other go over with it and are lost. But worst of all, McPherson, reaching out to grasp the gunwale, is struck in the back by the whirling bow. Over he goes into the seething currents of the Big Lizard and we never see him

again. His hand was forced, you see, but he had his warning and, undismayed and confident, Jack McPherson crossed the line.

Ahead of us in the life boat was a rim of darkness. I took it for coast line and steered for it, hoping to land our people and get back to the tug. We reached the shore, but the side of the boat smashed in as, chip-like, we were hurled upon the edge of what proved to be the Little Lizard.

Left upon the wreck were seventeen people and no boat. The tug heeled over until only the starboard side of the cabin was above water. The men clung miserably to projections, timbers and openings. The framework was caked in ice and icy billows poured over the clinging figures and threatened at any moment to wash them away.

For forty-eight hours the men held on as best they might with dauntless courage. Meanwhile they managed to put together a raft, laboriously constructed from doors, window casings, and stairways of the tug. With only this flimsy support they left the wreck on the morning of the second day and rode, swam, and paddled until the surf flung them up on the island.

Curiously enough the snow had ceased to fall shortly after our party landed, though the gale continued. Powerless to help, we watched anxiously the efforts of the people on the tug. Now, as they won slowly to shore we greeted them with cheers. Neither food nor shelter could be had, but fires of drift wood kept us alive. Some hands and feet were frozen, but we were mostly young and robust, so that all but one were able to meet the relief boat five days later.

"So McPherson is dead," I exclaimed, in grief and bewilderment?

"McPherson is dead," repeated Harry thoughtfully, "and Old Kakagee too, is beyond the reach of inquiry."

"What an amazing recital, Harry! And yet, according to the signs, that old Indian was a trouble breeder, wasn't he?"

"Yes, in my own mind, I'm sure Kakagee was actively engaged, but whether consciously or unconsciously, principal or tool, I can't make out. I didn't learn until afterward that he had a long standing grudge against the Company. If I had, he couldn't 'ave put a hand to the wheel."

"Do you associate him with the snow Manitou?"

"Most people," Harry explained, "would say that whorl of snow was merely a freak of Nature or of vision. I would myself, if I hadn't seen it. Then last Spring I went into the woods with some Indians and got a clue or, anyhow, a bit of legend which made me feel that Jack was right."

It seems that from Gargantua to the Lizards and all along the shore to Batchewanna Bay, Ojibwa chieftains and mighty warriors of ancient times, lived their lives and received sepulcher. They sleep in these hills and expect some day to return and possess the country as of old. When this happens the fish and game will reappear in primitive abundance. Furthermore, says the legend, one of these champions is not dead, cannot die, but lingers in life to preserve their domain and waken his brethren at the moment appointed for their inheritance. In my opinion this is the power whose enmity McPherson aroused and whose victim he became.

"Poor Jack, in that case he hadn't much chance," I remarked half to myself.

"Don't be so sure," rejoined Harry quickly. "The

campaign isn't over. Jack is out on the Big Lizard with Tom Martin, as he predicted, but from this place his gallant spirit, wholly unencumbered, will battle to better advantage and on his own ground with the aboriginal guardian of the shore."

"Is that your prophecy, Harry?"

"No. That's the way Jack planned it."

Ubi Leones Erunt

Ubi Leones Erunt

Fifty years ago the maps of Africa, in our small school geographies, had large blank areas marked "unexplored," and other sections equally bare were said to be inhabited by "independent pagan tribes." Even on the pages devoted to our own country one could find such names as "the Llano Estacado, or Staked Plain," the "Great American Desert," and the "Black Hills," in the midst of vast unsettled territories.

These places held the imagination like an El Dorado or the Fortunate Isles and indeed, the Staked Plain, which was described on the map as a "high table land destitute of trees, grass, and water," had its own peculiar attraction. We could, and did, spend hours behind our book barricade, dreaming of the roseate lights, the illuminated mists, and wonderful adventures that must await one in those remote and romantic spots. Unhappily they were hours that should have been passed—though less profitably, perhaps—in learning to bound Illinois, or in naming the New England states, which, in certain circles at that time, were esteemed to have some importance as the seat of Harvard College.

But the sharp air of adventure which blows through all our literature is an expression of our racial instincts. Sailors see the security of home sink mysteriously beneath the waves as they pursue the steep roads of ocean. The pioneer flouts the tranquility which a herd instinct prescribes and goes beyond the borders to seek the buffets of chance. To feel the

kindness and the fury of the elements is an innate desire in the heart of man. The felicities of romance, as well as its pains, must be sought in a new environment or in a quickened curiosity. So, when the thrill of life seems to slacken and the dust of common things clouds the vision, the soul of man clamors for a change. It longs to spring out into the untried spaces to regain the fervor of youth; it yearns for the great verges where life begins, or, in a strange land to follow the lure of an unknown trail.

This ideal, however, is rarely attainable in modern times, and for a series of years it was our dreary lot to take our explorations as the young pigeon gets its food. Thus, travels and the maps of the early navigators came to be an absorbing delight and, in particular, we pored over those ancient fabrications which located the Spice Islands where Cape Cod ought to be and, in the pictured interior, showed the legend, "*ubi leones erunt.*" These, then, were the delectable lands of lions, as we learned from a relative, and we studied them over and over with a prodigal disregard of eyes and kerosene. Long afterward we discovered that *leones* did not mean animals so frequently as difficulties and a justification for the unadventurous. This was apparent too, in the artless use of the future tense, which betrayed the apprehensions of the cartographer rather than his knowledge. In fact, many of us lack that final courage of explorers which not only permits, but even incites them to break permanently their connections with civilization. In consequence, we remain as fixed to the same general locality and as absorbed in the petty objects of our devotion as any of the *umbilicarii.*

Still, there came a time when the meager second-hand method of visiting the unknown could be supplemented by

short trips into places where, if man had been, at least he was not. We found enchanting spots wherein it was quite feasible to regale ourselves with whatsoever adventures might occur in a more or less mapless region in which one is daily exposed to the irresponsible arrows of surprise. Thus, with every returning year, we made a pilgrimage to some wilderness—as far as time and economic conditions would permit—with the sole result, apparently, of bringing an additional fervor for forest and stream to a zeal already incandescent.

Most of our excursions were obscured under the commonplace designation of a "fishing trip." When a man says he is going to Europe, interest is immediately awakened and questions, pertinent and otherwise, spring forth in abundance. This is an understandable expedition entirely in accord with the conventions and gregariousness. But let him say he "goes a-fishing" and, except among the brotherhood, the mental shuttle of his auditor is scarcely stirred by so trivial and so hackneyed an undertaking. Some casual *cliché* is uttered in courtesy, but the indifference is so real and unequivocal that it is concealed with difficulty. The fisherman's defense is well-nigh perfect. He has covered and beclouded his retreat as darkly and as thoroughly as any ink squid and yet most that lies nearest to the heart would be revealed could one but look beyond the camoufleurant phrase.

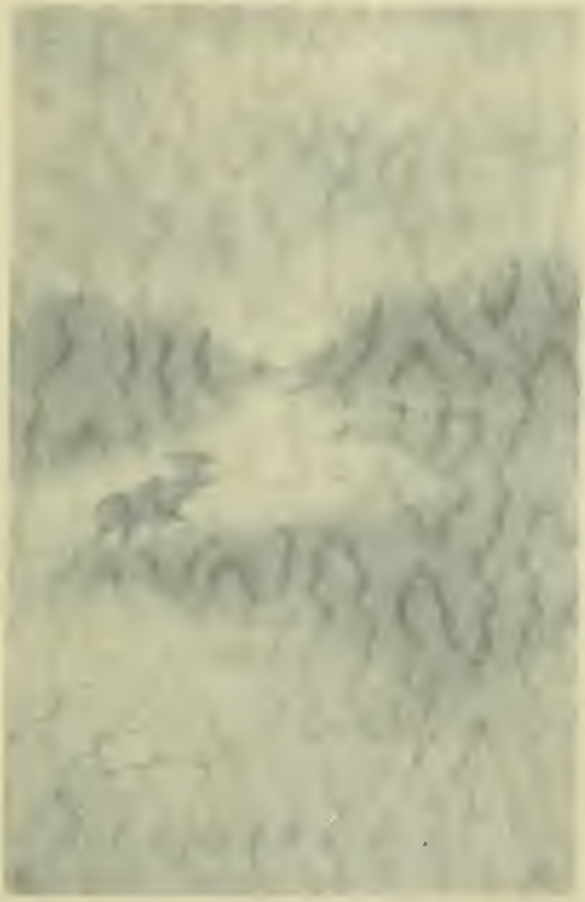
We were returning once from Hudson Bay country by way of Nepigon when we met on that far-famed trout stream one of our suburban magnates. Our little party was so worn and ragged through weeks of travel in the bush that we sedulously walked sideways or backwards whenever we en-

countered civilization, and especially when it was represented by so resplendent a figure as the magnate.

A natty brown hat and tie matched his carefully perfumed and parted beard; a brown suit of soft, rich material held the eye with its harmony of color, and insensibly led, by its folds and dwindling lines, to the brown silk hose and brown Turkish slippers with turned-up points that completed his symphonic toilette. Four tents and five Indian guides were ministrant to his comfort, and yet, could his heart be read, no doubt the attempted fulfillment of a cherished and long neglected dream would be revealed. He had "gone a-fishing" unquestionably, but the half-breed general of his forces assured us with a twinkling eye that the magnate would get no trout.

Again, on the north shore of Lake Superior, we met every summer, a lawyer named Evans whose hobby it was to troll for speckled trout in the waters that chafe with restless zeal the castled cliffs that guard the coast. He was attached to his art by deep ancestral affinities and from dawn till dark he drove his weary boatman from point to island and from reef to river mouth in endless pursuit. None the less that day was a grief and a failure if more than two or three fish were taken. It was a cup of bitterness whose astringency could only be removed by a day in which no fish at all came to his lure. Evans has gone on his final quest and even now, probably, is angling for a halo in the crystal fountains of Paradise. If his efforts are successful, Heaven for him will become an intolerable abiding place. May he rest in peace among the souls of the elect who love the game but scorn the prizes thereof!

For a contrary example, we must call up from the un-



"Behold! there were lions"

countered civilization, and [illegible] when it was represented by so resplendent a figure as the [illegible].

A [illegible] brown hat and [illegible] his carefully perfumed and parted beard, a [illegible] soft, rich material held the eye with its [illegible], and insensibly led, by its folds and dwindling [illegible] the brown silk hose and brown Turkish slippers with [illegible] that completed the [illegible] toilette. [illegible] five Indian guides were [illegible] to his [illegible] could his heart be read, [illegible] doubt the [illegible] fulfillment of a cherished and long [illegible] dream would be revealed. He had "gone a-fishing" unquestionably, but the half-breed general of his forces assured us with a twinkling eye that the magnate would get no trout.

Again, on the north shore of Lake Superior, we met every summer, a lawyer named Evans whose hobby it was to troll for speckled trout in the waters that chafe with restless zeal the candled cliffs that guard the coast. He was attached to his art by deep ancestral affinities and from dawn till dark he drove his weary boatman from point to island and from reef to river mouth in endless pursuit. None the less that day was a grief and a failure if more than two or three fish were taken. It was a cup of bitterness whose astringency could only be removed by a day in which no fish at all came to his lure. Evans has gone on his final quest and even now, probably, is angling for a halo in the crystal fountains of Paradise. If his efforts are successful, Heaven for him will become an intolerable abiding place. May he rest in peace among the souls of the elect who love the game but scorn the prizes thereof!

For a contrary example, we must call up from the un-

"Behold! there were lions"

reverberate abyss, the Peoria banker, whose instincts—untrammeled by man and unscourged by God—led him to stand at the brink of some teeming pool from which he took trout after trout until his arm wearied of the slaughter. Then stepping into his boat he would be rowed back to the yacht, leaving on the shore a great pile of the speckled dead for animals to eat or the sun to destroy. His name is still a byword and a reproach among the Indians of the North Shore.

So, "to each his voice or vision, unto each his spoor or sign," and the man who "goes a-fishing" must be justly cautious of his words and auditors. Such intimacies of his life may be exposed, so much of a personal nature may be disclosed, and such a temperament, or such moods and qualities of mind may be uncovered that the revelation could be warranted only by a great generosity of spirit or an unusual sympathy of association.

For the true fisherman it is not the pleasures of goodly acquisition that remain longest in memory. Trout fishing is essentially a solitary sport. It is practiced amid the vaulted depths of the pine forests where Druids might worship and where one is so enthralled by the sense of immensity and by the Olympian calm of the great hills that the day's return finds in the creel only an infinitesimal part of the reward. Yet the stimulation of such companionship, or the influence of such an environment, may soon fade and leave only certain hardships or strange triumphs over elemental conditions to linger durably in the mind. Soon we learn that it is the overcoming process, or the endeavor to withstand the lions of the wilderness that most indelibly haunts us.

The discovery of a dubiously existent lake, the opening up of an untried river, or the laying out of a much desired

trail through the heart of the forest—all these depart from the grooves of well regulated citizenry and throw one upon the primitive and unsupported tests of manhood. Here, too, belong the pilgrimages and knight-errantry of all ages wherein the actors felt constrained by biological impulses to seek "strange stronds," and quite naturally mistook their visions of conquered unicorns and questing beasts and similar joys for the ecstacy of religious expiation.

Thus it happened, after the finding and exhaustive exploration of our river, that we were moved to seek and ultimately to come upon, the long-dreamed-of lake of old Waboos; and also, in due time, came an equally urgent impulse to connect up with our river by a clear-cut trail, some new lakes which were more or less mythical. Diligent inquiry had failed to bring forth anyone who had seen these waters, and while it was vaguely conjectured by the Indians that the lakes found an outlet in our river, yet, year by year we had followed up the tributary streams of the Pinguisibi without finding any trace of their presence.

Tawabinsay, pointing to the north, would sometimes indictate their hypothetical location, " 'cause," as he said, "a very ole Indian man once tole me." "Tawab," as we lovingly called him, was himself an Indian who liked not to remain overly long amid familiar scenes. Not infrequently we would find him yearning toward those dark northern hills while he reflectively wiped his bacon-greased knife on his trousers preparatory to cutting our bread.

With each recurrent visit to the river we speculated on what lay "beyond the ranges" until the desire to find out became an obsession. Then came a time of renewal and amongst the sturdy companies of conifer, maple, and birch

Spring danced on her merry, erratic way. Snow still clung to the ravines and its seepage whispered eagerly to tiny rivulets while violets and star-anemones pushed up their fragile heads from hillsides bedded deep in the moulted plumage of pine and fir. A three-day blizzard was rounding out the season when Tawab and his genial grin arrived with the canoe at Anjigami Portage. He had made the trip up the shore of Lake Superior and across the intervening rivers and forest with an axe, a pair of blankets, an extra pair of shoes, and a small piece of dried moose meat. We, meanwhile, came heavily up by train, laden with rod, tent, cooking outfit, a personal pack, and four weeks' rations—in all about two hundred and seventy-five pounds.

Our plan was to come down through some known waterways on the north, explore the country between the last of these and the river, and then, if the lakes were found, to tie them up to the river by a trail broad enough for the portage of a canoe. To travel through the forest from one point to another is merely a matter of direction, but it is not always easy to find certain small lakes which, if they surely exist, are buried among many square miles of rugged hills hundreds of feet high and thickly covered with timber; and, furthermore, having found them, to join them with a minimum of hill climbing to certain other waters lying indefinitely elsewhere.

An Indian will not encroach upon his neighbor's hunting grounds and therefore, the country was as new to Tawab as it was to us. It was not a frontier that stemmed back an advancing host, but rather a region which had been overleaped by the destructive agents of civilization because the geological formation betokened no mineral, and the vast forests—happily for us—had been difficult to exploit. More-

over, a thin soil and steep hillside furnished no encouragement for the creative forces of man. And so it happened that a primitive wilderness remained for the use of a fast diminishing trio of animals, Indians, and sportsmen. So it happened also, that the maps obtainable were only a bare outline, so empty and inexact that lions could be put in anywhere without danger of detection. The conditions were alluring and with the river as our final objective, the expedition started. A half-breed trapper, returning with his winter harvest of skins, gave us our points for the first two days, but after that the problem was our own.

Paddling is an exercise which never loses its charm except on very large lakes. The exhilaration is so constant that the muscles do not tire unless some emergency demands unusual effort or too protracted operation. On the contrary, as White says, "traveling through the woods without fatigue is the achievement of a specialist. A good pedestrian may tire quickly in the wilderness. No two steps are of the same length, nor do they fall on the same level, nor in the same quality of footing. Besides, there are always obstacles to be overcome, such as trees, tree trunks, rocks, branches and underbrush which keep the mind tense and the muscles so unrelaxed that the vital forces drain away rapidly. Balance and foresight, unconscious poise of muscles and brain, are the essentials" even for an unburdened traveler. But ah! the pack strap! No one but the Indian has ever become entirely submissive to this dominating tyrant of the North Woods. Here the question of balance is imperiously exaggerated. For the first two days the punishment is almost unbearable, but then the knack is caught and soon twice the weight can be carried with half the effort. In time, one may come to

enjoy the scenery and the sweet fragrance of the forest in partial unconsciousness of the clutch and drag of Sinbad's ancient incubus.

The load must rest on the small of the back just over the hips—neither higher nor lower—and the pack is steadied and supported by the broad sweat-soaked band that passes across the brow. The size of the pack depends, of course, on the strength, experience, and determination of the individual. Our duffel divided up so that each of us took two loads across a portage, and then Tawab went back for the canoe. This arrangement was all very well for the first few days while the trails were easy to find but when the time came for us to drive our own lines, the method was extremely wearisome.

One such incident will suggest the rest. A landing is made opposite a notch between two hills. This notch is really a hill, but easier to surmount than the peaks on either side. Tawab looks about the shore and well into the forest for signs of an old Indian trail which he knows will run over the lowest part of the depression. Apparently, time and weather have obliterated every trace of previous travel, and he returns to the canoe, which in the meantime has been unloaded. Then each of us swings up a pack of sixty or seventy pounds and we move forward to reconnoiter. Tawab, of course, is ahead and we march uphill and down, obliquely and straight. We make detours and zig-zags, while the weight of the hours is increasingly piled on the back load. In this manner, having traveled eighteen miles—the pedometer registered one and one-quarter—with a pack that weighed two hundred and thirty-seven pounds—more or less—we stopped.

Some one has said that luxury is the exquisite savor of a pleasant sensation. This is probably true but it must be earned. Luxury cannot be bought. So, when we rested our pack against a fallen tree on a sunny hillside and dropped the wet headband below our panting chin, we were not really to be pitied though we were limp with weariness and knew not where we were. We had merely attained a true sense of luxury.

We had come to the shore of another lake and both shore and water looked good to us. However, we had learned not to count too certainly on mere arrival. Tawab is nothing if not thorough and he knew that other Indians must have outlined the shortest and easiest route between those lakes. He was determined to use no other. His pride spurred him on and good woodcraft demanded it.

With an inward groan and an outward grimace, we lift our burdens and take up the search anew. We advance along the shore of the little lake through an unfoliaged, and therefore hot, forest until at last Tawab exclaims, "Here!" and points to a small twig, about the size of a little finger, brown and old but obviously cut off with a sharp instrument three or four inches from the ground. He says, "Axe." We say, "Beaver." He says, "Mebbe." Anyhow the occasion was opportune, for we dropped our loads and turned abruptly back from the lake along the probable line of that aboriginal highway.

We blazed the trees as we went and soon came to another twig similarly cut. Tawab was right. Ten minutes later the problem proved, for we came upon the rotting skeleton of an old tepee. It was soon evident, however, that the Indian pioneer had cut out a winter trapping trail, for

in the course of a few rods it vanished in a large swamp. Tawab then swung sharply to the west and we worked industriously for a quarter of a mile, when lo! there was the canoe. Over each portage we traveled three and five times respectively. Progress was slow under the best conditions, but on more than one occasion the difficulty in finding and clearing a trail and in transporting the equipment was so great that the camp was pushed forward but little over a mile when night came.

For the first two weeks the weather was harsh and cold. The temperature ranged from 28 degrees at night to 34 degrees by day, except when direct rays of the sun beat through the bare limbs and budding twigs of the forest. Such days were quite ideal for hard work and even when the time came for going to bed the operation was much simplified. We merely pulled on all our extra clothing, put on dry socks, exchanged our heavy shoes for moccasins, drew a woolen hood over our head, and dug in. But once inside the blankets, neither poppy juice nor mandragora was required for a long and dreamless slumber.

As Spring advanced, the cold diminished, and while in the forest all seasons are delightful, each change brings some peculiar annoyance. Thus, when the thermometer rose, the flies swarmed out, as the poet would say, "in clouds," or, as the more practical Tawab declared, "like smoke." These pests divide up the day into watches and each species does his time religiously. As the sun goes down, the midges, or "no-see-ums," fill the air and cover the skin like pepper. About eight o'clock they retire in favor of the mosquito, who spends the night in ribald song and bloodshed. At daylight, the "no-see-um" comes on duty again only to give place to

the black fly. Now there is many a Princess among the powers of darkness but the chiefest of these is the black fly. Much time and energy might be wasted in discussing the evil life of these broods of Beelzebub but the discourse would lack both in variety and exhaustibility. It is but fair, however, to point out that the black fly receives her name only partially on account of her color and more especially because of the peculiar malignancy of her nature. For the same reason we speak of black measles, black cholera, or black smallpox. Let no man, in the wanton pride of his youth and strength, feel that he can withstand the assaults of this female fiend, for she will surely get him. Doubtless she has her uses in the great scheme of things, but they are the uses of adversity and far from sweet.

Memory is not lacking, however, in pleasanter incidents. From a certain large body of water the logical course to the river lay somewhere between east and south, while all the desirable lakes and streams were apparently crowded in on the west, as near as possible to Lake Superior. The map indicated a lake of good size to the east, and another somewhat smaller to the south. Neither one existed, as a matter of fact. Water transportation must be found or a heart-breaking portage would be inevitable. Besides, we had not yet discovered those long-desired lakes, and we were approaching the region where they ought to be, if they were not merely figments of someone's fancy.

It was customary, when the scent was entirely lacking, to leave the camp set and, like hunting dogs. to cast off and quarter the country in advance. Tawab generally went through the woods, "to take a walk," as he expressed it, while the white contingent took up the problem of inlets and

outlets and scouted the shore and water courses by canoe. We were camped on a lake of many islands from which we had to feel our way forward, and when Tawab disappeared in the bush, we ballasted the bow of the canoe with a huge stone and started along the eastern shore. We examined attentively every indentation and creek mouth until, about noon, the canoe arrived at a narrow but deep inlet which flowed in near the extremity of a large bay. The mouth was so small and so buried in dense foliage that we almost overlooked it. Once inside, however, and the canoe floated easily. The first bend was choked by a small log jam but after some study and effort we pulled out the timber that locked the mass, the current disintegrated the rest and we pushed on. Immediately the hills and forest fell away and we glided silently through the low swamp grass and hillocks of lily roots against the oily tide of a fair-sized river. The hopeful easterly trend of the stream was quickly exchanged for a southerly course. There was a single deep channel wandering hither and yon amid a labyrinthine network of meadow, pool, and bayou. It was a vast marsh, strangely picturesque in the nakedness of its greening sedge, but the wide savannas and sleeping waters affected the eyes with pleasant restfulness after the short perspectives of constant forest travel.

As we advanced, a melancholy white-throat loudly proclaimed his sorrow for "poor old Canada, Canada, Canada," and the periscope of a loon rose out of the water ahead and noiselessly submerged. A belated beaver swam carelessly about, and a blue heron took tardy and reluctant flight as the canoe approached. We turned a tree-covered point and behold! there were lions. Like hippopotami of

equatorial Africa, we saw in front of us a herd of huge animals with bodies more or less buried in the waters of the swamp. Singly or in pairs, seven noble moose were digging up a succulent dinner of young lily roots. Two were in velvet and cooled their irritable antlers by frequent immersions as they thrust their long noses deep into the muddy bottom. Perfect freedom from molestation had left them unapprehensive and they eyed us with a purely casual curiosity which, as we came nearer, changed to a dignified suspicion that urged them slowly and somewhat indifferently toward the sheltering skirts of the forest. It was a striking spectacle and while thenceforth hardly a day passed without meeting one or more moose, none gave us such an exaltation and such a sense of splendid isolation from ordinary life.

But another increment to our day's enjoyment was yet in store. We moved up the current of that spirit-stirring river into a lake which Tawab said later was called "Miramoki." This was the last crystal bead in the Anjigami necklace. We had followed this chain of lakes with considerable constancy hitherto, and in leaving them a portage of indefinite length impended. We carefully inspected the hills for a pass, and having found what promised to be a favorable notch on the southwest, we turned and beached the canoe near the mouth of a little stream of singing ice-cold water. Here, on the wet sand, close to the margin of the brook, were the deep footprints of a bear. Two of them were side by side as if, having discovered the canoe, he had stood up for a more comprehensive examination. The depressions were filling with sand and water as we arrived. Now the sight of a bear is not uncommon in the North Woods, and indeed, as we paddled across this lake the next day, we saw a bear swim-

ming who might have been the track-maker. But the abrupt appearance of the paw marks in that wilderness gave a significant thrill to our senses. Being unarmed, we did not court additional thrills by trying to learn his whereabouts, but we could easily fancy him looking out at us from some crypt in the dense underbrush, as possibly he was. Like the human footprint in Robinson Crusoe, or the knocking at the door in Macbeth, the portent aroused emotion and stimulated imagination far more vividly than the completed event.

We left the Anjigami waters, passed two small ponds and then, while looking for a way out, stumbled unexpectedly upon the first of the lakes we were seeking. Tawab recognized it by its peculiar shape as the one described to him by his old uncle who called it "Nokomis" or Old Woman Lake. For years we had gloated over Waboos Lake as the incomparable mistress of all mountain bound waters and now, at a blow, its reputation was threatened. The greater size of Nokomis Lake, the rarely diversified shore line, the bold slope of the timbered hills, the crystalline water and the peculiar something in the atmosphere that constituted the genius of the place made us gasp and choke with surprise and wonder. Even the fish were exceptional, for all we caught had a curious golden tinge which set off and enshrined their crimson spots in the beauty of a fair-weather sunset. We remained near this magical lake for two days, and then escaped the enchantment only with the greatest difficulty and with deep-rooted resolutions to return.

Speaking of fish, we are reminded that we have made no reference so far to the ostensible purpose of our journey. We can no longer defer some account of it. The trout were

both abundant and hungry, so that the small needs of the party were only too readily supplied in a short time each day, either at the portage, at the noonday rest, or on any convenient occasion.

Such a portage comes to mind. A tangled bush-grown trail which had been cut out for three-quarters of a mile along the bank of a little pelting river so wayward, swift and tumultuous that the canoe could not be used. The portage ended at a large flat rock forming one side of a pool into which the river poured over a bench of Laurentian quartz some ten feet in height. The entire morning had been spent on this portage and it was not yet finished. Tawab had gone back for the canoe, and from the surface of the rock, enthroned upon a duffel bag, we idly surveyed the forest, the falls and the lowering clouds, wondering meantime, in case of rain, if a place for the tent could be dug out amongst the close grown trees.

The pool had a trouty look, and since the stream was as yet untried, the rod was assembled in a dutiful sense of investigation. The flies were selected and the cast straightened out toward the tumbling waters. Heavy portaging takes the spring out of the casting wrist and several times the flies fell short. Still, there was abundant room for the back cast and when the waters are new one has always opportunity to admire the sinuous unfolding of the line and the leaf-like descent of the lure. No fish rose and we were developing technic more or less indifferently and mildly considering a change of flies, when the cast fell amid the swirling bubbles of a little backset near the foot of the falls. As we received the line slowly and tremulously, a great fan-like tail rose above the foam for an instant and disappeared.

It was a super-trout, made lazy through abundance, and so over-confident through long success that his too leisurely thrust had failed. There was no further study of technic, but rather its exciting application. Once and again the cast was made, our eyes following the drop with intense concentration. A third time the lure quivered above the lace-work of dancing bubbles. It fell—or almost touched the surface—when the strike came—and such a strike! The light rod bent like a willow wand and the pool was cut into seething spirals by the rushing fish.

It would be trite and needless to describe the hopes and anxieties, the ecstacies and heart-sinkings that followed. Once the fish broke water, and all breathing stopped with the reel, to be resumed only when the line stretched safely again. After a time the rushes shorten, the spirals shrink and slacken, the combat comes down to earth and a consciousness of things earthly returns. Then, with a start of dismay, we remembered that the landing net had not been unpacked. The finish of the contest was far from sure. Warily, and oh! so tenderly, the rod leads leviathan from one point to another, but ever away from the swift water and the rocky sanctuaries of the opposite shore.

In moments of diminished tension, carelessness was berated as the most flagrant of vices, and prayers were offered for the return of Tawab that were deep and earnest, though not unmixed with indignation at his delay. Hope and despair, vexation and disgust, ruled by turns. Then the Red Gods smiled! There was a crash of brush. The green nose of the canoe poked through the trees; it thumped in welcome resonance against the rock, and old Tawab's voice at our elbow inquired anxiously:

"Where you put him, eh?"

"In the top of the pack, Tawab, and for God's sake, hurry!"

From that moment until the ancestor of all the trout in those waters was led into the net which Tawab deftly slipped under him years passed. They were passed not on a terrestrial, but on a spiritual plane, wherein a downpour of rain and a thorough saturation of all our clothing was an incident both unimportant and unheeded.

It would be an ill thing indeed, to pronounce upon that trout in paltry terms of pounds or inches. Suffice it only to say that camp was set immediately and the fish furnished an abundant meal for two hungry men with some left over; though by no means the twelve basketfuls mentioned by the Evangelist. The rain changed to sleet and then to snow, but the weather had no disquietude for us. A huge fire roared merrily in front of the tent, the air was tinctured with a Dionysian tang from the burning wood, a rumor of the falls could be heard in wind-favored intervals, and we, who had not only dined but had been translated, reclined against a duffel bag in drowsy comfort and spiritual repletion.

Another fishing experience that was nearly spoiled by an over-curious moose might be interesting, and we could also try to revive for you the picture of three of these animals, which, with bodies submerged, fed on roots in the deep bottom of a mountain lake, their velvet antlers rising at intervals like Excalibur from the lonesome mere. We might also describe the gallant swim of a little wobbly calf when we frightened him and his mother from their island refuge; but the story of our micro-cosmic travels is already too long. May we simply report that in the course of this exploration,

unimportant except in a personal sense, we crossed five watersheds, discovered and mapped—enough for our purpose—those much-mooted lakes. We established the presence of trout in their waters and felt assured they had not been fished previously by white men. We identified the lakes according to their discharge into Lake Superior and connected them by a relatively easy trail with our river—a river with no tangible web of human association except our own.

So, without method or sequence, this fragmentary recital may bring to mind some of the allurement of the forest and the character of the invitation constantly set out on the fragrant breath of the unbroken woods.

Here, in the simmering silence, beast and bird wander and tarry at will, subject only to the rule of claw and fang whose sway is universal and whose doom forever impends. Here, from leafy coverts or from noiseless shadows, they and we are forever under observation by a hushed and distrustful company that regards everything that passes by, either with appetence or aversion.

In the twilight of the trees the wild ancestral self of man awakens and comes forth as of old—mute, alert, and feeling the old affinity—the ancient spell of the forest. This spell belongs to us, even as it belonged to the youth of the race. We yield to it, we rejoice in it and we immerse ourselves in its wonder-working emanations as in a bath of life's elixir. The obstacles of the journey arouse our primitive ambitions and bring the inveterate reward—a keen eye, a toughened sinew, and renascent zest of life.

Thus, when the savor of things is lost and the world appears irksome and purposeless, it comes to us suddenly

that the forest is calling. But, also, there comes to mind—and only too vividly—a long, uphill portage with a heavy pack. One feels again the hunger, the cold, the heat, the exhaustion, and the incorrigible futility of it all. One remembers too his firm resolutions against repeating the experience which were registered at the time in sweat and blood; yet, even as the arguments troop out and marshall themselves against him, he sits down and writes the Indian agent to have Tawab meet him with the canoe at a certain portage where he may possibly find lions of the route, if not of the flesh.

4.00

54683